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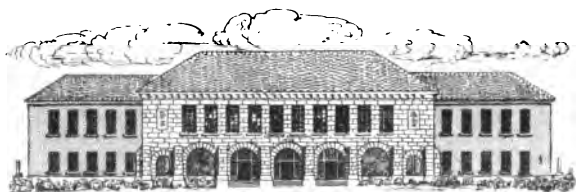
OF SUCCESS

WILLIAM M. THAYER

BOOK ONE



A READER
FOR THE
LOWER GRADES OF SCHOOLS



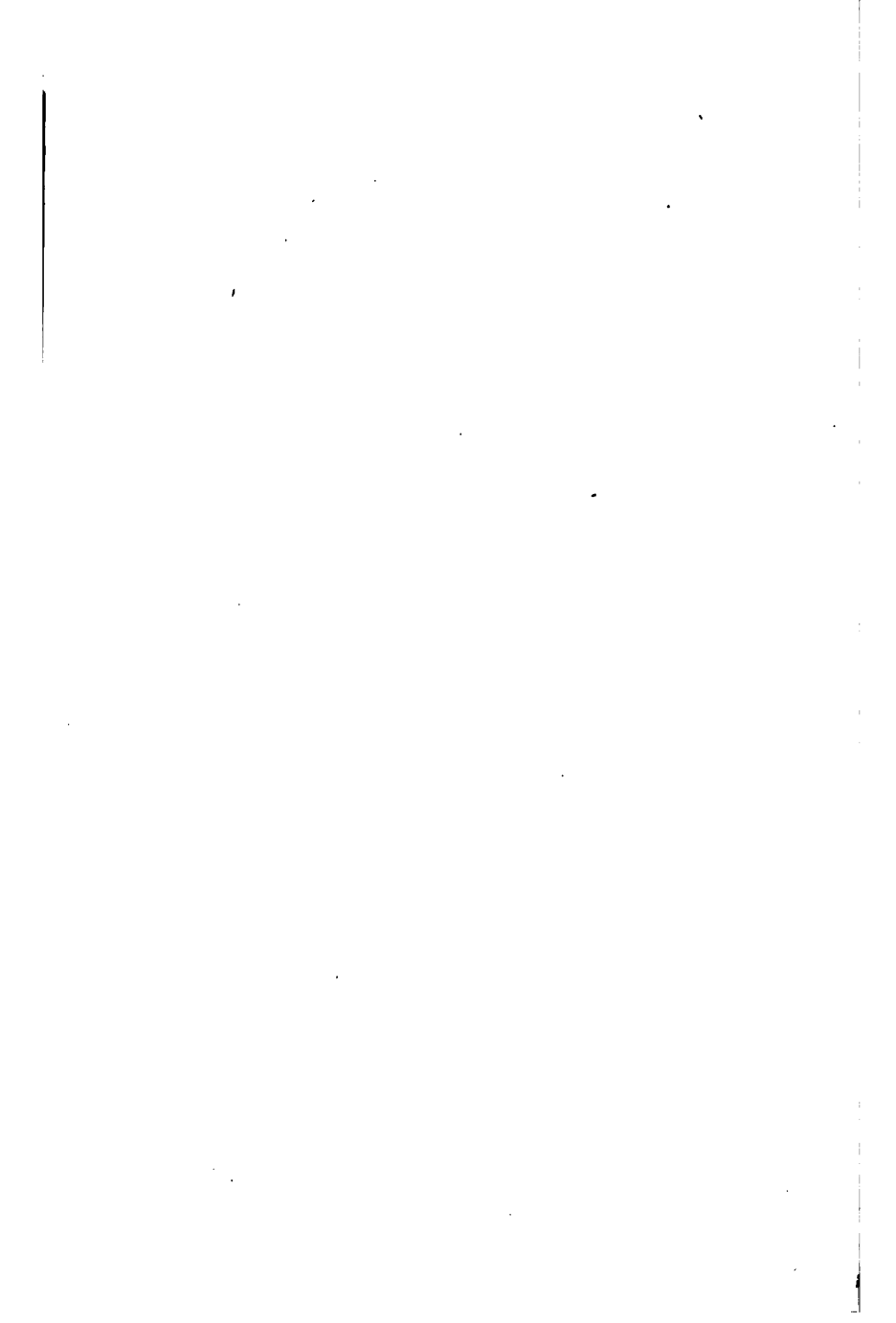
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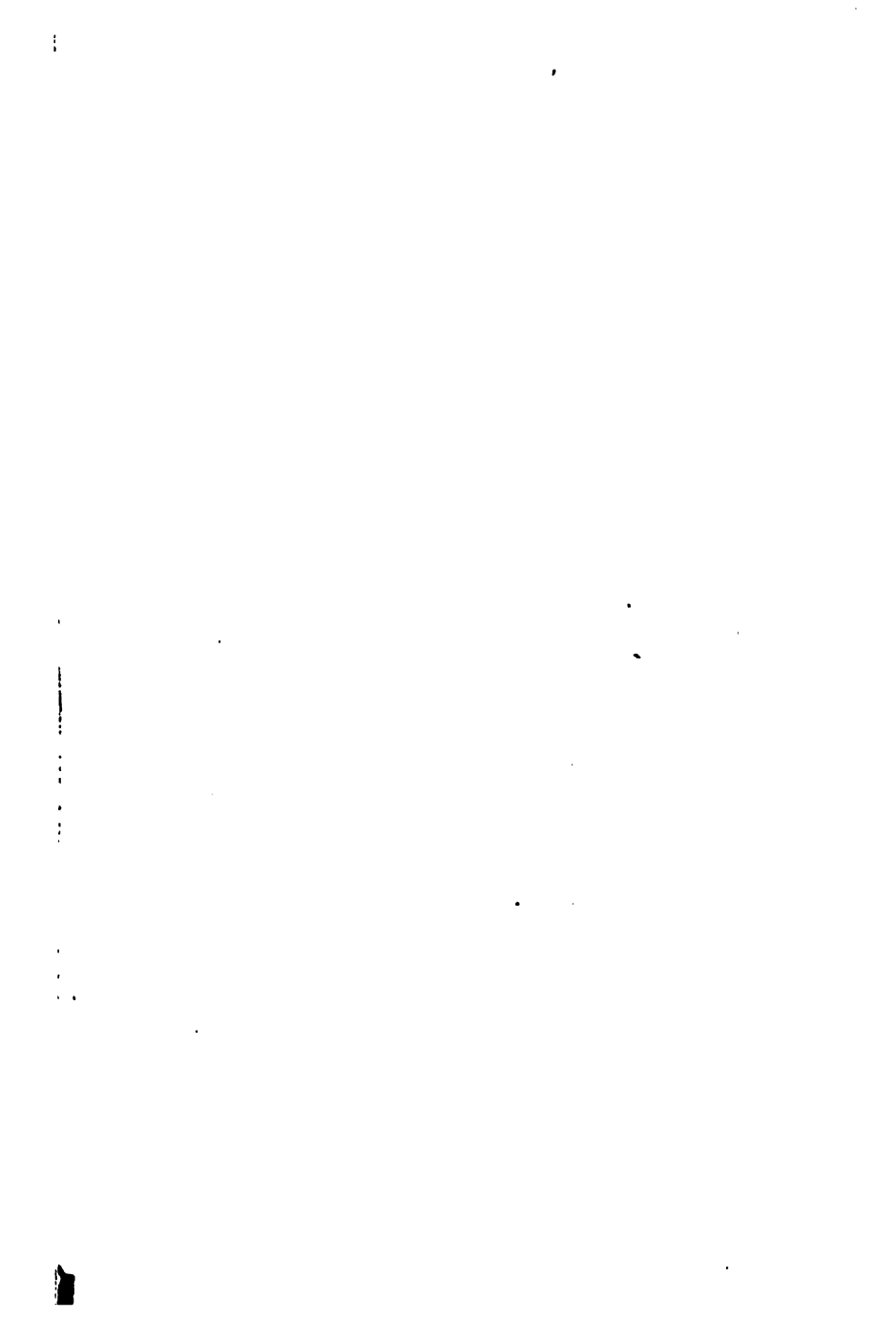
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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ETHICS OF SUCCESS

Book One

A READER FOR THE LOWER GRADES
OF SCHOOLS

*INSPIRING ANECDOTES FROM THE LIVES
OF SUCCESSFUL MEN AND WOMEN*

BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK

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ETHICS OF SUCCESS

BOOK ONE. A Reader for the Lower Grades
of Schools

BOOK TWO. A Reader for the Middle Grades
of Schools

BOOK THREE. A Reader for the Higher Grades
of Schools

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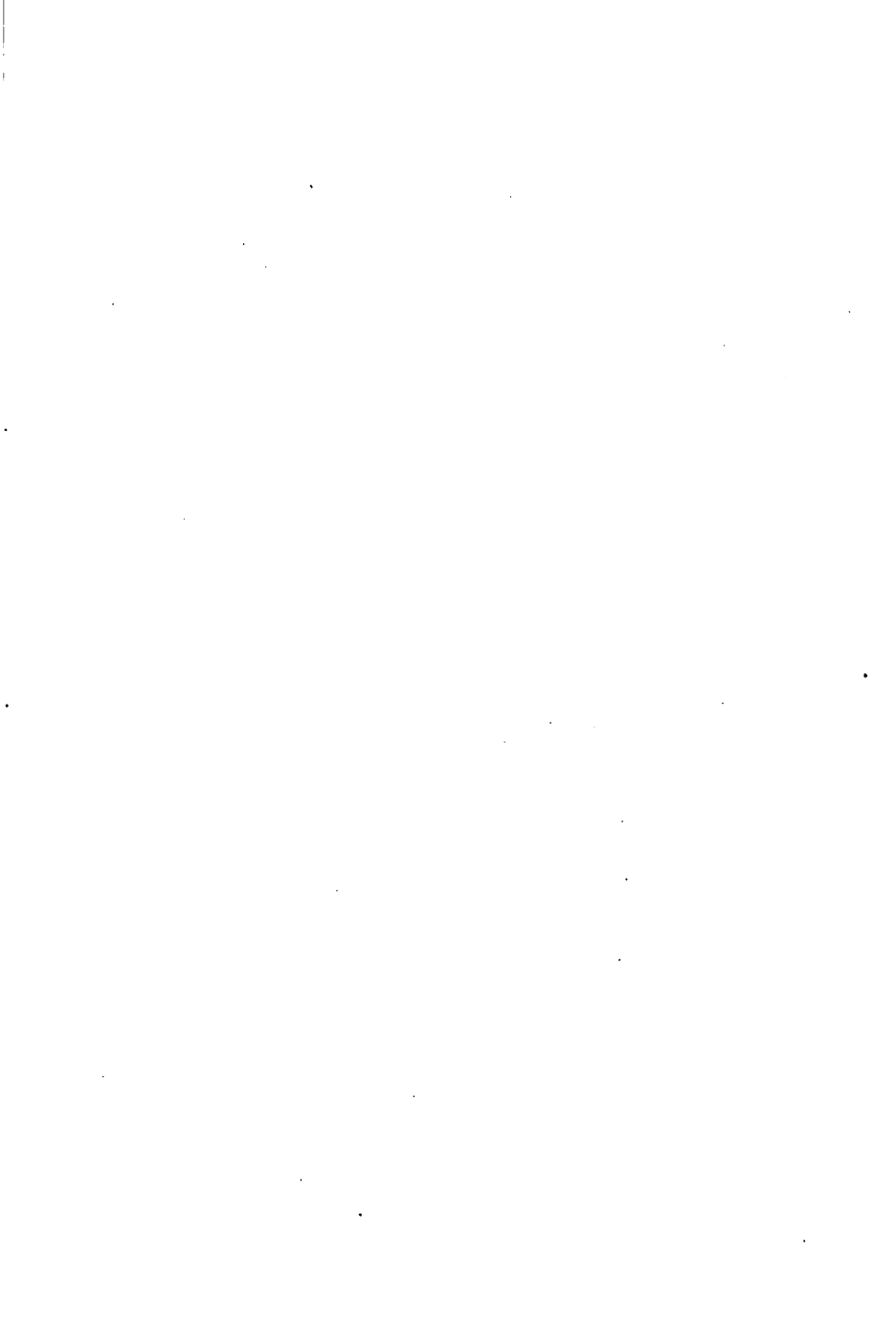
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THIS Reader for the "Lower Grades" is not designed for primary schools, but for the lower grades of readers — those who have learned to read fairly well. Then, pupils are old enough to appreciate the ethical idea, and to see clearly the true elements of success. For example, in a town where there are ten grades — the High School being the tenth — the Reader for the "Higher Grades" is for the ninth and tenth; the "Middle Grades" for the seventh and eighth; and the "Lower" for fifth and sixth. School grading differs in different localities, but the foregoing explanation shows the purpose of the series.



INTRODUCTION.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

SINCE character is the crown and glory of individual life, and the very foundations of society rest upon it, we cannot begin too early to develop it in the child. Its beginnings are in infancy, and the influences which shape it, although insignificant in themselves, are subtle and important in their effect on the child. The mother's smile, the father's word of praise, the simple, good deed of another, which is commended, frequently give the child a bias in the right direction and become the first step in character building.

Abstract truths are of little value in the ethical training of the young, for whom this book is designed. But let the same truths be embodied in incidents of real life, and they seize the attention, are fixed in the memory, and by and by the lessons taught by them become a part of their being. They become object lessons, which

"The child admires,
The youth endeavors, and the man acquires."

This reading-book of the ethical series has been prepared for children of low grade, and great pains has been taken in its preparation. The same great idea runs through its pages as through the other volumes of the series, that the end of all education in the school, in the home, and through life, is the formation of character. The incidents are new, and not a repetition of those already given in the other readers, and they are taken from the life histories of good men and women.

Although prepared for young readers, the book never descends to "baby talk," is free from puerilities, and unites dignity and simplicity of style most happily. At the same time it is free from long words, except such as are in familiar use, and monosyllables and words of two syllables are mainly employed. The book is worthy extensive patronage.

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I.

THE BEST.

WHEN Longfellow, the poet, was in college, he wrote to his father, "I mean to be the BEST in something." That meant a great deal; it meant that he would be successful. He worked his way up, and stood with the best poets and authors.

THE BEST is success. The best boy and girl, the best scholar, the best worker, the best friend, the best citizen is successful on these lines. If he be best on all other lines, his success is complete. No person can go higher than that. And this is true of the body, mind, and soul.

You have heard of the poet, Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans. When she was a child, her mother taught her to do everything just as well as she could. "You will love to do things more, and you will enjoy doing them better, if you do them as well as you can," she

said. "You will make a better woman, too, and will be loved more."

Felicia was a rare little girl, who never doubted her mother's word or advice. She really thought that her mother knew more than she herself did about everything, and that is what thoughtless children do not believe. At seven years of age, she could read, spell, write, and sew better than any other girl of her age in town, and she found that what her mother said about enjoying doing things well was true.

Her mother learned that Felicia loved to read poetry better than prose, and so she selected poetry for her. She found, also, that she could compose rhymes, which was unusual for a girl of her age. She concluded that Felicia was a girl of sterling talents, and she must teach her wisely.

"Read, study, and write, just as you wash dishes and sew, the very best you can. It is the only way to excel in anything. Don't hurry; take time, and do things well; it always takes time to do things the best

way." In this manner Felicia's mother taught her.

As she grew older and composed longer



AFTER THE BEST.

poems, still more care was used to get the best. In this way she became a famous poet when she was a young lady. When

she was married, she could keep house just as well as she could write poetry, which is more than some poets and authors can do now. It was because she learned in childhood to try for the best, and observed the rule in everything up to womanhood.

The late Dr. Channing was so poor in boyhood that he could not have an overcoat. He had, however, what was better than many overcoats, wise parents, who taught him that he should always aim at the best.

He grew up to be one of the best men who ever lived. When he was over fifty years of age, he wrote to a boy: "At your age I was poor, hardly able to buy clothes. But I wanted to make the most of myself, and so did my best."

II.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"WHATSOEVER a man soweth that shall he also reap." Children know what the Bible means by this language. They have seen

farmers sow their seed—wheat, rye, oats, barley, and other grains. They know, too, that farmers reap what they sow. If they sow wheat, they reap wheat. If they sow oats, they reap oats.

So it is with boys and girls. It is sowing-time with them now. They are sowing good or bad seed, the good seed of thought, purity, truthfulness, industry, economy, and kindred virtues, or the bad seed of carelessness, vice, falsehood, laziness, and wastefulness. In manhood and womanhood they will reap what they sow now. They will be good men and women, or bad.

A few years since a man was executed in New York for killing another. On the scaffold he made a few remarks before he was put to death. "I have been brought to this untimely end by my own acts," he said. "No one is to blame but myself. I did not obey my parents when I was a boy. I would have my own way. I chose bad boys for companions. I would not work. I would not read or study. I was vulgar and profane. I

treated my mother as no son ever should. And here I am."

He could say no more. His anguish stopped further words. He meant that he was reaping what he sowed. He named the sort of seed he sowed — disobedience, wilfulness, evil company, laziness, vulgarity, profanity, unkindness to his mother. "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

Ross Winans was a builder of locomotives. He had a son Thomas, who was as bright and good a boy as ever lived. He loved work, and he loved school as well.

Thomas early showed a talent for railroad building. He built a toy railway at home, and ran a train on it. His father saw the bent of his mind in this, and resolved that he should become skilful on this line of work. Thomas improved, and made such rapid progress that he attracted public attention in early manhood.

Russia wanted a new railroad, and sent to this country for a builder. "Send your son

Thomas," said the Russian minister at Washington, who thought that Thomas Winans was the noblest young man he ever met. He said it to his father, Ross Winans.

Although Thomas was a young man, he went to Russia in response to the Czar.

"I like that young man with the red shirt," said the Czar. "He knows his business and means to do it." Thomas got the big contract without giving bonds, the Czar regarding his word as good as his bond. He sowed good seed and reaped a good harvest.

Thomas Winans left a fortune of twenty-five million dollars. And his character was worth vastly more than that.

Children, sow now. Sow good seed. Care for it while it grows. Have your sickle ready. In due time you will reap a good harvest.

III.

SUPPOSE.

PHŒBE CARY.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,

Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad t'was dolly's,
And not your head, that broke?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting, like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

IV.

DEPEND ON YOURSELF.

SCHOOLS cannot make true men and women out of girls and boys. Teachers cannot do it. Girls and boys must do it themselves. The best schools and teachers in the world cannot make a good citizen out of an idle scholar. The latter must do his part, and it is by far the larger part. He must be studious, manly, improve his time, love school, and be earnest to excel.

“Depend on yourself” is what God and nature say to every child. Parents can help you. Teachers can help you. Others still can help you. But all these only help you to help yourself. The old maxim is, “self-made or never made.”

Patrick Henry and Henry Clay were great statesmen in the early history of our country. But they were very poor in boyhood, and had no uncles, aunts, or other friends to help them. Schools were few, short, and inferior. They could not depend upon them for an education.

They saw how it was, and set to work with all the spirit they could muster to know something. They worked their own way up to fame.

One of the most famous teachers who ever lived — Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, — used to tell his pupils, “I cannot make worthy men of you, but I can help you make men of yourselves.”

The preceptress of a western college for girls was wont to tell each class, “This is not a mill for grinding out scholars. We only give you a chance to help yourselves. We teachers are here to aid you all we can.”

The best help to share is heaven’s; and the old saying is, “Heaven helps those who help themselves.” The surest way to get this best of all help is to cultivate self-reliance. God blesses him and her who does the most possible to improve self.

Some young people have no ambition to excel in anything; and they are to be pitied. They aim at nothing, and hit it. They never can amount to much unless they see their folly, and change their course. They are nothing now, and will be nothing as long as

they live, unless they accept the counsel of parents and teachers, and depend upon their own honest and earnest efforts.

V.

NEVER GIVE UP.

WHEN Banvard, the American artist, was a boy, he lived near the Mississippi River. He loved the water, and often rowed his boat on the river. Sometimes he would row several miles, delighted to view the scenery along the banks.

It was here that he resolved to become an artist, and paint the largest picture that had ever been seen. He did not stop to think how it could be done; he only said, "I will do it." No money, no schools, no teachers, no friends to aid him, at that time, his decision seemed wild. But he never gave it up.

Just as soon as he could earn a dollar, he earned it. Anything he could find to do, he did. He did not spend a cent for pleasure or luxuries. He laid by every dollar he earned

for the day when he could study art, and make his great painting.

Years passed by, and he became a noble man, and an artist. After a little, he had money enough to begin his large painting — the Mississippi River from source to mouth — a painting three miles long, showing three thousand miles of river and landscape. No person but one who had nursed a purpose from boyhood, with a heart full of spirit and grit, would undertake such a job. His picture was a panorama of the Mississippi Valley; and he did it, of course. A boy like him always does what he undertakes.

First, he bought a skiff, and sailed up and down the Mississippi to make his sketches. He was four hundred days on the river making sketches, living chiefly on the game he shot. At night, he hauled his boat ashore, turned it over and crawled under it, and there he slept, wrapped in a blanket, safe from storm and wild beasts.

When his sketches were ready, he built a large studio in which to paint his wonderful

picture. Then he painted and painted, year after year, never flinching, never sorry that he began the work. At last the picture was done, and the story of it was told all over our land, and over other lands, also. It was famous.

A friend said to Mr. Banvard, "How was it possible for you to execute such a work?" Mr. B's answer was, "The motto of my life has been, 'Never give up.'"

We call this quality PERSEVERANCE, though it would be just as good if called by some other name. It is just as necessary for boys and girls as it is for their fathers and mothers. Without it they give up in despair before a task. A hard lesson scares them, and they say, "I can't do it," and fail in the class. And they will keep on failing in almost every thing, and finally die, and never be missed. The pupils who inscribe upon their banner "NEVER GIVE UP" make the men and women who are missed when they leave this world for a better one.

VI.

PERSEVERE.

ANONYMOUS.

ONE step, and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.

One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built their pretty islands
In the distant, dark-blue ocean.

And the noblest undertakings,
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,

And say, such a mighty task
You never can get through.

“Rome was not builded in a day,”
The ancient proverb teaches,
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.

Think not of far-off duties,
But of duties that are near,
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to PERSEVERE.

VII.

GIVING HEED.

A FAMOUS school teacher in England, by the name of Wren, said in public, “Give me the close attention of a pupil, and I will assure his success.” He meant that scholars who give heed to their lessons in school will advance rapidly. All teachers will agree with him.

Parents will say the same. Sons and

daughters who hearken to the counsels of parents, and listen with close attention to what they say, will make their homes bright and happy. It is a heedless spirit that interferes with studies and home duties.

Teachers talk, explain, and advise, but



GIVING HEED.

many scholars do not remember, on the next day, what they said, because of their heedless spirit. They did not listen with close attention. What was said went in one ear and

out the other. Enough to try the patience of any teacher!

Parents counsel, direct, and try to lead children in the way they should go, but only those who give careful attention to their lessons go there. The heedless ones go anywhere that passion and folly lead.

Here is the reason why John understands his lessons and keeps at the head of his class. First, attention gives him a good start, and then application and perseverance follow. He makes a good scholar and a good man.

Here, too, is the reason why Charles knows little about his lessons and stays at the foot of his class. Inattention starts him on the wrong way, and nothing follows but idleness and ignorance. He makes neither a good scholar nor a good man.

Thousands of people go about and see nothing, read and remember nothing, live on and learn nothing, simply because they have not formed the habit of giving heed. A sort of listless regard for things prevents their rising.

Attention is a habit, and there is no better.

Charles Sumner thought he lacked the habit in his youth, and he set about improving himself by committing to memory what required the closest attention. Young people can do the same now. No one can attain success without the habit of attention.

VIII.

ON THE MARK.

"ALWAYS on the mark," said the late H. B. Claflin, merchant prince of New York City, of one of his clerks; "he never loses a minute, nor causes any one to do it." The clerk was punctual — always at his post in time. He formed the habit of being on time in his childhood.

Children differ very much on this point. Some act promptly, and so are on the mark at school, at church, doing errands, and dividing time between play and work. Some are in the habit of saying "pretty soon," "presently," "by and by," and so delay, and fall behind time. It is a wretched habit, and stands directly in the way to success.

Henry Ward Beecher, the great preacher of Brooklyn, N. Y., was once asked how he could do so much work, preaching, lecturing, making speeches at all sorts of conventions, editing a weekly paper, and attending councils of ministers in different parts of the country. His reply was, "By having a time for every thing, and always being on time."

We save time by being punctual. We lose it by delays. Thinking it will make no difference if we are a little late has completely spoiled one of the noblest virtues — punctuality. The greatest evil that results from being behind hand is not to those who must wait, but to him for whom they wait. It deprives him of an essential element of good character.

Washington had a clerk who was late at his post one day. "How is this?" said Washington. "You are late." The clerk replied that his watch had fallen behind time. "Then you must get a new watch," added Washington. He wanted the young man to have a reliable watch, and then be as reliable as his watch. It is the only way that busi-

ness men can drive their business. As soon as they begin to fall behind, business will drive them — a result to be avoided.

A tardy scholar injures school as well as himself. If he thinks that a few minutes late is of little or no account, it is because he has not given much thought to the matter, or else he is ignorant. If his parents think that tardiness is not much of an evil, so much the worse for both: Tardiness chums with dulness and lack of spirit. "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand."

Of two boys or girls, one of whom is on the mark and the other lagging behind, an employer in any sort of business would choose the first. The world wants those who are on the mark. The times demand them.

IX.

SOWING.

ANONYMOUS.

EVERY one is sowing
Both by word and deed;

All mankind are growing
Either wheat or weed;
Thoughtless ones are throwing
Any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking
Seed already sown;
Many eyes are weeping
Now the crop is grown;
Think upon the reaping —
Each one reaps his own.

Ye that would be bringing
Sheaves of golden grain,
Mind what you are flinging,
Both from hand and brain;
Then 'mid glad songs singing,
You shall reap great gain.

X.

RESPECT YOURSELF.

WHAT is it to respect yourself? Let us see.
George is a happy, sunny-faced boy, always
ready to do his part of each day's task. His
mother never has to ask him twice to pump a

pail of water or bring in a handful of wood. He has chores to do about his home, and he does them promptly and well.

George is orderly, too. He rises early in the morning, and presents himself at the breakfast table neat and tidy. He has a place for his hat and shoes, ball and bat, sled and mittins. He never uses profane or slang words, and is never rude and coarse at home or in company. In short, George is a care-taking, dutiful, model boy, whom everybody loves.

Henry is wilful, headstrong, and lazy. He shirks work when he can. He can play hard, and lounge about with all his might; but he won't work if he can help it. When sent for a handful of wood or pail of water, his mother is tried by his stopping to throw sticks and stones for the dog to run after and bring back. He can beat all the boys in being slow to work and fast to play. He can pick fewer stones in one day than George can in one hour.

In short, Henry is a bad boy. There is nothing manly about him. He does not like

to go to school or church. He rather play with bad boys than good ones. He does not care what people think and say about him.

Now, which of these boys, George or Henry, respects himself? There is but one answer. You will say at once, George, of course. Good boys only have true self-respect.

Some years ago, when Charles Dudley Warner, who has written so many good books, was a little boy, he met two girls and a boy in a wagon on the highway. On passing Charles, they stopped the horse, and one of the girls said:—

“Little boy, how is your ma?”

Supposing that she might know his mother, he answered politely:—

“She is pretty well, I thank you.”

“Does your mother know you are out?” she inquired further.

Then all three burst into loud laughter and drove on; and Charles saw that he had been imposed upon.

Which of the two parties had self-respect? You will say promptly, “Charles.”

XI.

BE SOMEBODY.

WHEN one of Boston's noble merchants was a lad of twelve or thirteen years, he said to his father, "I mean to be somebody." It was the remark of an aspiring soul. The boy meant, I will make my mark; and he did.

Children who do not have this spirit will grow up to be ciphers in the world; and ciphers stand for nothing. A long row of them do not amount to a unit. To aim high, and that alone, will give a person a noble position.

Some boys and girls are faint-hearted. They do not care very much about being thought well of twenty years from now. At least, they are not ready to work hard and deny themselves of much ease and sport in order to become such men and women. They will never become wise and true unless they turn over a new leaf. That is what the Bible means when it says, "Woe unto him that is faint hearted." A woe, and not a blessing, awaits them — failure and not success.

A French officer told a near friend, "I mean to become an able general, and be marshal of France." His friend thought it was rather a vain spirit that he had. But it was not; it



"I MEAN TO BE SOMEBODY."

was the lofty purpose of a man who meant to be somebody. To him there was no real joy and worth in life unless he could be of great service to his country. He became a famous

general, and was marshal of France when he died.

One of the most honored of American missionaries said, when he was a small boy, that he meant to become a missionary. There was so little prospect of his becoming one at that time, being poor, with scarcely any school privileges, that his remark was passed unnoticed. Though often repeated, friends saw no purpose in it until he became a missionary. From boyhood he nursed the purpose, and made a way to the object of his hope where none existed before. His desire to be somebody was the secret of his success.

It is a good motto for children to take to themselves — BE SOMEBODY. Believe in it. Strive for it. Make it real.

XII.

CLIMBING.

ANONYMOUS.

NOT at a bound,
But round on round,
Up the ladder we're climbing!

Striving to aim at something higher,
Striving to win the heart's desire,
With noble zeal the soul to inspire;
Up the ladder we're climbing.

Each step we count
The while we mount,
Up the ladder we're climbing!
Ladder of learning, ladder of fame,
Ladder of wealth, it is all the same;
Up the ladder we're climbing!

Pause though we may,
Yet every day
Up the ladder we're climbing!
Not content with a low degree,
Anxious still at the top to be,
Hand over hand, continually
Up the ladder we're climbing!

XIII.

LOVE WORK.

"CHILDREN do not love to work," it is said.
Perhaps not, but it is because they do not stop

to think what work is for. It is just as necessary as food or clothes. God says that if a man will not work, "neither shall he eat." He must work or starve. But for work we should have but few, if any, great men and women.

Alexander H. Stephens was a noted public man in his day. He was once governor of his native State, Georgia, and became a famous member of Congress. But he grew up on a farm in the South, where he was obliged to work. Before he had scarcely ceased to be a toddler, he dropped corn in planting-time, and ran on errands. At eleven years of age he began to hold the plow, and at twelve he became one of the plowers on the farm.

Young Stephens loved work. He had no idle moments, for every spare hour was given to reading and study. He had few school days, so that he had to improve leisure time in order to know anything.

He was fourteen years old when his father died, and was known among friends and neighbors as a boy who loved work, and as

bright as he was industrious. But he was too poor to get an education, which his friends thought he ought to have. So a sum of money was raised to prepare him for college, and he was sent away to school.

He prepared for college in nine months, when most boys took two years for it. He worked as hard in school as he did on the farm, so that nine months did him as much good as two years does many pupils. It was because he loved work in the schoolroom as well as he did work on the farm.

He went to college, became a lawyer, and finally was known as one of the ablest statesmen of our land. Love of work did it.

“Mary Somerville was one of the most famous women of the present or past age,” says a writer.

When living at home and pursuing her studies, she wrote to a friend, “I have to take part in the household affairs, and to make and mend my own clothes. I rise very early, play on the piano and paint during the time I can spare in the daylight hours; but I sit up very

late reading 'Euclid.'" The servant, however, told her mother, "it was no wonder the stock of candles was soon exhausted, for Mary sat up reading until a very late hour." Her candles were taken away.

What a lover of work! housework, school-work, all work. That was why she became one of the most learned and noble women who ever lived. "Labor conquers all things."

XIV.

WORK BEFORE PLAY.

"You may pick up the stones on the garden lot and dump them on the west side next to the woods. They are mostly small stones."

Mr. Manly said this to his son Henry, a boy of twelve years, who did not like to work very well.

Henry's face was a telltale, and it seemed to say that he was not pleased with the idea of picking stones. His father added:

"It will not take you long; I am going away after dinner and shall not return until night."

"It will take me all the afternoon to do it,"

answered Henry, "and I had promised to play ball with the boys at three o'clock."

Mr. Manly saw that Henry had not yet fallen in love with work.

"Work before play is my rule, Henry, as I have told you many times," he said. "Play before work is a poor rule for anybody. Boys reared under that rule amount to nothing. I shall expect to find the stones picked up when I get home."

Mr. Manly spoke with some spirit as he went out of the door, leaving Henry to his own thoughts and plans.

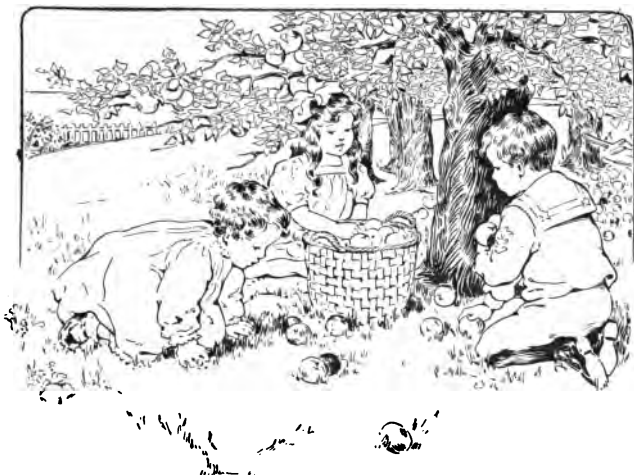
For half an hour Henry moped about as if in bad humor, at the same time knowing that his father meant just what he said. But a new idea aroused him, and his mother heard him sawing and pounding.

A few minutes later, he appeared at the door, and said, "Mother, may I ask the boys to eat supper with me, and will you have some warm biscuit?"

"Yes," his mother answered, "you may invite them if you wish to."

Henry started away upon the run. At three o'clock he returned with four playmates, took up the showy mark he had made, and led them to the garden lot.

He set up his mark on the west side of the garden near the woods, when all loaded their



WORK BEFORE PLAY.

hands and pockets with stones, and hurled them at the mark. It was grand sport for them, and they kept it up until the last stone was hurled from the field.

"Now for supper," shouted Henry; "I am hungry as a bear. Come on, boys."

They took their seats at the table, a jovial company, and were not half through when Mr. Manly returned, sooner than he said.

"Why, what is up now?" he exclaimed, seeing such a troop of boys at his table. "How is it, Henry; have you cleared all the stones out of the garden, as I told you?"

"Every one of them," replied Henry; "the lot looks as neat as a pin."

Henry's act was counted in the family as a shrewd joke. But Henry was lazy, and for that reason he took no interest in picking stones until he turned it into play. "Work before play" was Mr. Manly's good rule, and it is a good rule still.

XV.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

ANONYMOUS.

WORK while you work,
Play while you play;

That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless
Trifled away;
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

XVI.

WORK A BLESSING.

WE must work hard for every thing worth having. Gold is a precious metal, but men have to dig into the bowels of the earth for it. Diamonds are worth more than gold, and men have to go to distant lands to obtain them,

after many perils and hardships. Farmers must plow and sow in the spring, and then labor very hard all summer, fighting weeds and bugs, before they can reap a harvest.

"But the rich do not have to work," children say. Yes, they do. Many of them worked hard to obtain their wealth, turning night into day; and they are still working hard to keep it. Many rich men are our hardest workers. It is best for every one to work, whether rich or poor.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."
"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work," nor be idle on the seventh day; for that is for worship.

Victoria was a good queen of England, with all the money she wished to spend. But she was taught to work in her girlhood. Her mother said, "Little queens must learn to work as other girls do." So Victoria had her work to do. She watered plants in the garden, kept her room neat and tidy, took care of her wardrobe, and did many other things that showed she did not feel above work. She

was required to rise in the morning, arrange her toilet, and be ready for breakfast at eight o'clock. After breakfast she went out to walk or drive for an hour with her governess. From ten to twelve o'clock she studied with her mother. Until two o'clock P. M. she was allowed to play in the palace with her toys and dolls, or run and romp. Then dinner was served, after which she studied until four o'clock. Then playing on the piano and a drive followed, after which she walked or rode the donkey in the garden.

Thus she was kept busy, with more time for work than play. To make a good queen she must not be afraid of work. To make a good woman any girl must work. Victoria was like other girls, she must work.

Her food was always plain. No luxuries were allowed her. She could have fruit, but not candies. This was the only way to make her healthy. She ate at stated times, and just what her mother provided.

All these strict rules were as necessary as work to make a good woman of her. Indeed,

without them, work itself would not have proved a blessing to her.

Think well of work, it is your friend. It helps make noble manhood and womanhood.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They toss the new hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They wave from the tall rocking tree top,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings ;
And at night they are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great,
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

XVII.

THE IDLER.

AN idle boy or girl, in school or neighborhood, is a nuisance. He troubles his parents, annoys the neighbors, and makes mischief among playmates. No one is pleased to see him coming. Every one knows that his life will be a failure. His days may end in crime and the prison.

The model woman is described in Proverbs, and it is said, "She eateth not the bread of idleness." That does not mean that idleness has bread to give, for it has not. "The idle soul shall suffer hunger," because idleness has no bread to bestow. Ezekiel said of Sodom, "Abundance of idleness was in her."

Sodom was full of idlers. That is what "abundance" means — enough to convert any town into a Sodom. For "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do." He praises idlers to their face, so that he can make them his tools. They become his dupes.

The idler in school is a pest. He annoys

the teacher, mars the order and progress of the school, and gets no good out of all his advantages. He does not seem to know what he goes to school for. Happy is that school which has no idlers.

Idleness has one boon companion — laziness. They room together, eat together, and sleep together. They never live apart. One is lonesome without the other. In school they sit together. Out of school they play together. They never work together, for both hate work. One is as mean as the other.

The idler never solved a difficult problem, mastered a hard lesson, or made a decent scholar. He never kept weeds out of the garden, the cattle out of the corn, or bugs off the vines. The only thing he is really good for is this: he can keep bread from moulding.

The richest diamond in the world is the Kohinoor, among the crown jewels of England. It was found in a mine of India. The laborer who found it took it home for his children to play with. None of them knew its

value, and so it was kicked about as a plaything for months.

In like manner, the idler treats his mind which is worth far more than the Kohinoor. He knows not its value. If he did, he would cease to be an idler, and improve and polish his mind as a jewel for the crown of the King.

XVIII.

FORMING HABITS.

You must have habits, boys and girls. No one can live in this world without them. You can form them without knowing it. Indeed, they can form themselves. But it is much better and safer to know how to form them, and do it by your own purpose.

There are good and bad habits. Obedience, truthfulness, punctuality, industry, order, temperance, may become habits, and they are good in the best sense. On the other hand, lying, disobedience, tardiness, laziness, intemperance may grow into habits, very bad ones, that ought never to exist.

It is better for the young to take the work into their own hands, and know what they are doing, and form good habits. Decide at once to form the habits of obedience, truthfulness, industry, neatness, order, and go about forming them with a will. By forming good habits, bad ones have no chance to creep in.

Roland was one of a thousand — the best boy in the neighborhood. He was the best ball-player and jumper, too, upon the campus. He would be best or nothing; such was his spirit.

Not so with the other boys. Some of them did not obey their parents. Some of them used slang, and others swore. Some told lies and got mad, were rough and rowdyish. And some of them wished that Roland would be like them. But one boy said to his mother:



ROLAND.

“I never saw such a boy as Roland is. He

won't use a bad word. He never does anything that he knows his parents would not approve. He never lies or deceives, and never gets mad. And he will beat any boy in jumping, catching ball, and playing croquet."

"Well, Bertie, don't you know why?" answered his mother. "That is because Roland has formed good habits instead of bad ones."

It is easy to do anything that has become habit. Nellie used the word "gracious" so much that she "said it before she thought," as she told her mother. It was Nellie's way of swearing, and it was a bad habit formed before she knew it.

The habit of speaking and doing good things makes it easy, a very encouraging reason for forming this habit as soon as possible. It ought to be easy to do right. It can be and will be when you say it shall be.



XIX.

LIKE WASHINGTON.

ANONYMOUS.

WE cannot all be Washingtons,
And have our birthdays celebrated;
But we can love the things he loved,
And we can hate the things he hated.

He loved the truth, he hated lies;
He minded what his mother taught him,
And every day he tried to do
The simple duties that it brought him.

Perhaps the reason little folks
Are sometimes great when they grow taller,
Is just because, like Washington,
They do their best when they are smaller.

XX.

THE PLUCKY BOY.

JAMIE was but five years old — a little fellow who gave his parents no trouble. He knew that children ought to obey their parents and

never tell wrong stories. Knowing as much as that seemed to be quite enough for him to know, in order to be a good boy. Some boys know more than that, and yet they are naughty boys.

One day Jamie had company, a boy about his own age, whom we will call Archie. They were playing together by the roadside a short distance from Jamie's home. His father could see them from the open window where he sat. All at once they started homeward on some errand. Jamie's father was curious to see what was up, and he watched.

As the two boys came near the house, Archie said something to Jamie, which he could not quite hear. But he heard Jamie's reply distinctly, "I will not tell him so, for that would be a lie."

Jamie's father cared little what it was about, but Jamie's plucky answer pleased him very much. He saw that there was more of the true hero in Jamie's reply than there is in the boy who is bully enough to fight. "My son is no coward," he said to himself, "and I am

glad of that. I hate cowards who are afraid to do right."

Boys and girls like Jamie will be heard from in the future. Such have been heard from in the past, and such will be heard from in the days to come. John Pym said, "I had rather suffer for speaking the truth than that the truth should suffer for want of my speaking."

XXI.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

SUCCESSFUL men and women have always had one good trait in common, and that is ORDER. It is as necessary to a true life as labor itself. The best girls and boys are orderly; they have a place for everything.

Angie had a new croquet set. Every time she was through playing the set was packed in its box, and carried into the woodhouse. But Josie, a near neighbor, was not so careful of hers. Often it was left out over night, and even was out in storms. Josie had no place for her croquet set, but Angie had.

It was about the same with everything else. Angie had a place for every dress, each had its own hook to hang upon; and her shoes and hats seemed to know just where they belonged. And it was so with work and play; she had a time for everything. She had her time for housework, a time for practice on the piano, and a time to play. She was an orderly girl.

Josie was different. One place was as good as another for her dresses, hats, and shoes. Not one of them knew what place it would occupy from one day to another. Indeed, Josie did not know. It would depend upon her freak whether they would be in the closet or hall, hanging on a hook or lying on the floor. And one time was just as good as another for music. She practised when she felt like it. She had no system.

There are the two in contrast. Which do you prefer? There is but one answer to the question. The orderly girl or boy is preferred every time. An orderly way of doing things comes of thought, planning, adapting, and this makes character. Order is a virtue, and its

opposite is a vice—the first good, and the last bad.

John Wesley was travelling and preaching most of the time, and yet he claimed that order was the secret of his success. When he was seventy years of age he had issued thirty-two octavo volumes. Order enabled him to do it.

Amos Lawrence, one of Boston's richest and best merchants at the time, said: "The chief cause of the failure of men whom I have known in business has been a *want of system* in their affairs."

Early life is the time to form the orderly habit. Once formed, it is fixed for life. It goes with the possessor into everything—work, play, study, reading, going to bed at night, rising in the morning, eating, and so on to the end. It is a grand virtue.

XXII.

TIME SAVED.

TIME improved is time saved. Wasted time is that which is not made good use of.

Every one has some time to use well or not to use. Children have more of it than older people. They ought to think about it, and learn what is the best use they can make of it.

One of Washington's great generals said to him: —

“We are amazed at the vast amount of work you do.”

Washington replied: —

“I save a great deal of time by going to work at four o'clock in the morning when others are asleep.”

The world's great workers have been early risers. They had to do it in order to save time.

Children are more likely to waste time because they have no cares of business, as their parents have. But they should not forget the value of time on that account. They should have more sleep and more play than they can have twenty years hence; but, forgetting that time is worth more than money now, they may never learn its true value.

Mrs. Sigourney, the poet, lived when schools were poor and books few in number compared with their quality and number now. She helped her mother about the house when not more than six years of age. From that time onward, she had her daily task at home, going to school part of the year. But, as early as she could read, she had a book by her, to read at odd moments each day. No matter how much play or work she had on hand, she saved some time for reading.

When Mrs. Sigourney was well known in our land as a poet and Christian lady, she was wont to speak of that habit of girlhood as a great boon to her. She said that it had much to do with her progress and place in society when she became a woman. Many girls now, from six to ten years of age, have a far better chance to excel than she had. Try her method of saving a little time each day for reading.

Boys and girls who save time to read appear better than those who do not. They think more, they know more, they seem brighter.

And why not? A woman who taught school many years, said:—

“I can always tell in what families leisure time is given to reading by the children.”



STUDIOUS.

William Gray was one of Boston's great merchants once. His ships were found on almost every sea. Honest, kind, and benevolent, he had the respect of all who knew him. One day a man called upon him for alms, and Mr. Gray recalled him as a companion of his boyhood.

“I remember you,” said Gray; “you wasted your time, and I improved mine. That makes the difference between us now.”

XXIII.

MYSTERY OF THE SEED.

LUCY LARCOM.

CHILDREN, dear, can you read
The mystery of the seed,
The little seed that will not remain
In earth, but rises in fruit and grain?

Sower, you surely know
That the harvest never will grow,
Except for the Angels of Sun and Rain,
Who water and ripen the springing grain.

When the wonderful light breaks through
From above on the work we do,
We can see how near us our helpers are,
Who carry the sickle and wear the star.

Sower, you surely know
That good seed never will grow,
Except for the Angels of Joy and Pain,
Who scatter the sunbeams and pour the rain.

Child, with the sower sing!
Love is in everything!
The secret is deeper than we can read;
But we gather the grain if we sow the seed.

XXIV.

READ, AND YOU WILL KNOW.

SIR WILLIAM JONES was one of the most brilliant scholars of England in his day. In his childhood he asked a great many questions about things he saw and heard.

One day he asked a question which his mother answered by saying, "Read, and you will know." This counsel sent him to books, for he could read well, though but a mere child. The effect of her answer was so marked upon him that she often repeated it afterwards, "Read, and you will know."

William became a great reader, and the more he read, the more he loved to read. He found, too, that his mother's advice was good, that he learned a multitude of things by

reading which he could not have known without.

Children have much time to read out of school. At least one hour a day can be given to reading, during vacation, without injury to work or play. All play and no reading is a poor rule. So is all *work* and no reading. But time divided into three parts, for work, play, and reading, if only a half hour be given to the latter, is wise planning.

We said to a little girl, "And now you have nothing to do but play, I suppose. It is a good time to read in vacation."

"Why," she exclaimed, "I get scarcely any time to read."

"How is that?" we asked.

"Well," she answered, "I make my bed and put my room in order after breakfast, and then help mamma take care of the baby, and do the housework. After that comes my music lesson, leaving only two hours for play before dinner. After dinner mamma has me take a nap because I am not in good health ; and when I awake, I have to practise my

music lesson again. Then, almost every day, I have to do errands, so that I have not so much time for play as you seem to think I have."

We had to confess that she made out a good case, and yet we found that she did read some, perhaps a half hour each day. A busy little



READ AND KNOW.

girl she was to spend vacation in that way, showing a careful division of time for work, play, and reading.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, found much time for reading even when he went to school. He read, too, under the wise and careful direction of his mother, who believed that if he read he would know.

After leaving college he read twelve years before attempting to write a book. He read history, biography, travels, science, and literature. It was this reading, he said, that fitted him to write books well.

XXV.

GOOD BOOKS OR NONE.

THE late Hon. Rufus Choate placed his hand upon the head of a boy who was reading, and said, "Good books or none. Better not read at all than to read books which will not improve you." Life is too short, and time too precious, to be wasted on what will do no one any good. .

When Mr. Choate spoke, there was far less reason than there is now for his advice, because so few books were written for young people at that time. Now, their name is legion. Also, there is a large number of papers and magazines, prepared especially for children, and they are found in a multitude of families.

Along with the many good books are bad ones, and those of doubtful quality. And this is true of papers and magazines for the young. There are so many of this class that children cannot choose for themselves, and be sure they are right. They should ask the advice and aid of parents and teachers. There are many

story-books, sold for five or ten cents, that no one should ever read. A few days ago the newspapers gave an account of five boys who were breaking into houses and stores, like older burglars; and they had their rendezvous where they stored plunder. "All these boys had been reading dime novels," the papers said. They were practising what they read.

"Good books or none!" It is a capital motto to repeat. Every time you take up a book, think of it, "Good books or none." Settle the matter forever, that you will never read a bad book or paper if you know it. That is half the battle.

The reading habit is a good one if good books only are read. Children can form this habit, too. By reading they will grow to love it, if it was not born with them. When the habit is once formed, it will stay with them as long as they live, and be a source of the greatest pleasure and profit. A boy or girl may come to love reading more than skating, swimming, or lawn tennis.

Rev. Robert Collyer learned the black-

smith's trade in England when he was a boy. At the same time, he was a hungry reader, and wanted an education. Through reading good books, he worked his way up from the anvil to the pulpit, and to authorship. He told an audience of young people that reading did it.

XXVI.

SEEING WITH THE MIND.

MANY people see only with their eyes. That is, they see without thinking. A school-teacher asked his pupils how many windows there were on the front of the schoolhouse; and not one of them could tell. They had been to school month after month, but had not observed how many windows there were. They saw them with their eyes only, not with their minds.

A class of girls in botany were looking at the maples on the campus, in autumn, when they flamed with bright colors. "But see how different the trees are," said one; "one is almost scarlet, and another is nearly yellow,

and there is one with all the colors of the rainbow."

"Why are the maples so different in coloring?" inquired one of the number, wanting to learn the reason. She was seeing with her mind. So they studied and studied over it, and asked their teacher, and consulted their text-book. Though they did not arrive at any conclusion, the effort improved their observation. It set them to thinking, and this added value to their eyes. One eye, with thinking, is worth more than two eyes without thinking.

Sir Astley Cooper was a great English surgeon. In his boyhood, when he was thirteen years of age, a cousin, somewhat older than himself, was thrown from a coal-car, seriously injuring his thigh. He was taken into the nearest house, and a surgeon, several miles away, was sent for. He bled so much that friends feared he might die before the surgeon's arrival. Astley heard of the accident, and hastened to the wounded boy. His quick eye saw the danger, and at once he bound his

pocket handkerchief around the limb just above the injury, and thus checked the bleeding.

The surgeon declared that Astley's prompt action saved the patient. It was Astley's sharp observation that served him so well. His grandfather and an uncle were surgeons, and keeping his eyes and ears open to learn, he knew how to prevent the wounded boy from bleeding to death.

The best scholars observe closely. They want to know the whys and wherefores of things. "What is thunder?" inquired Robert of his father. "Does lightning run down the outside or inside of a tree?" "What makes heat?" "What is smoke?" "Why is the sky so red when the sun sets?"



WHAT IS IT?

“What makes the Northern Lights ?” “Why doesn’t ice sink to the bottom of the pond ?”

These are some of the questions that Robert asked, showing that he saw with his mind.

XXVII.

WHY?

ANONYMOUS.

I KNOW a curious little boy
Who is always asking why —
Why this, why that, why then, why now,
Why not, why by and by?

He wants to know why wood should swim,
When lead and marbles sink;
Why stars should shine, and winds should
blow,
And why we eat and drink.

He wants to know why fish have gills,
And why we cannot fly;
Why steam comes from the kettle spout,
And rain falls from the sky.

He wants to know why coal should burn,
But not a bit of stone;
How seeds get in the apple core,
And marrow in the bone.

He wants to know why ice should melt,
Why spiders eat the flies,
Why bees should sting, and why the yeast
Should make the biscuit rise.

XXVIII.

BAD WORDS.

BAD words are plenty with young and old. Slang words, filthy words, and profane words are common even among children. Why so many of them catch the bad words when good words are waiting to be used, without money and without price, is very strange. It costs no more to use a good word than a bad one, and it sounds vastly better. Why do so many choose bad words?

A little boy in the city of Washington heard a man using profane words on the street. He was terribly profane. The child listened in

surprise for a few minutes, when he ran up to the swearer, and said:—

“If you were my mamma’s boy, she would wash out your mouth with soapsuds.”

His mother had stopped his use of bad words by this method.

The late Governor Talbot of Massachusetts was reared in poverty. A large family of children had to be supported by a father’s day labor, and it was very hard to do it, until some of the children were old enough to work in a cotton-mill. The father died before this time, so that pressing want forced the older children into work very early.

Thomas, who became Governor, worked in a cotton-mill before he was twelve years old. The overseer of the mill wrote, after Governor Talbot’s death, a few years ago:—

“I remember him as a mill boy, so bright, handy, and gentlemanly. He was manly everywhere; never rude and careless, but mannerly and thoughtful. And his language was as pure and refined as that of any adult. A low, vulgar, or profane word never escaped

his lips. Nor did he indulge in slang, as most of the mill boys did."

Recently we watched a group of boys playing baseball; small boys from six to twelve years of age. We heard a number of rude expressions. We listened for a profane word, knowing that many boys who use such words and phrases as we had heard also swear; but none of the group were so bad as that.

One of the company, ten years old, perhaps, used none of the slang spoken. He was neither rude nor noisy, but manly in his bearing, and the others ought to have imitated him, but they did not.

Clean, pure language is beautiful. It adds very much to the appearance of the speaker, too. A boy or girl who discards bad words takes a long step upwards.

XXIX.

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners and good behavior mean about the same thing. Even children know

their meaning when they stop to think. What gold and silver coin are in trade, good manners are in society. We must have them in order to get along well.

Emerson describes good manners by saying, "They are the happy ways of doing things." Acting rudely is not a happy way of doing. To be pleasant, polite, modest, and respectful in doing is what we mean by good manners.

A woman asked King James to make her son a gentleman. "I can make him a baronet," replied the king, "but no power on earth could make him a gentleman." His manners were bad, and the king thought they could not be changed.

A few years ago the author visited the newsboys' lodging house in New York City. A newsboy was pointed out as a favorite among his patrons because of his good manners. He was polite, respectful, quiet, and bright — a real gentleman in appearance. A few of his customers at the Astor House had an understanding that, whenever the boy had papers left over at night, they would buy him out.

So he lost nothing by unsold papers. His good manners did it.

A French author says, "Good manners cost nothing and buy everything." The newsboy just named was very poor, but not too poor to have good manners. These carried even the purses of business men by storm.

There once lived in England a smart, educated man, whom nobody liked. He had some good qualities to admire, and yet no one liked him on the whole. They could not tell why it was, but they could not like him, anyway. Another put the fact into verse as follows:—

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

The man did not have good manners. He needed these to make his good qualities appear to advantage. "Virtue itself without good manners is laughed at."

Rudeness is not good manners. Dr. John-

son said, "A man has no more right to say a rude thing to another than he has to knock him down."

Good manners and good character are allied to each other.

XXX.

THANK YOU.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

I KNEW a boy with a busy tongue
As ever inside a bell was swung;
He had a voice to read and declaim;
But these were words he could not frame —

Thank you.

He grew like others far as we knew,
But never he the least outgrew
The luckless habit of being dumb
When the civility ought to come —

Thank you.

Now boys may grow to a manly height,
But if their manners are not polite,

They make few friends, and such is the case
Of him who cannot say with a grace —

Thank you.

Take care to know that while you are young
Is the proper time to teach your tongue.

Each little woman and little man,
Say often enough to be sure you can —

Thank you.

XXXI.

PATIENT WAITERS.

MANY boys and girls do not know how to wait for good things. They must have their wants supplied at once. They can scarcely wait to grow. They would be five years older than they are, at their next birthday, if they could. They would get through their school days in one year, were it possible. They want to hurry up Christmas, Fourth of July, and holidays generally; they can't wait so long for them.

A father was urging his son to prepare for college, and get an education. "Too long

a job, father," the boy replied, "I can't wait for an education." That is it exactly. Many have not the patience to study ten or fifteen years even for what will serve them grandly for seventy-five years, if they live as long.

They should stop and think about it. They



IT TAKES TIME TO WIN THE BEST THINGS.

ought to see that it takes time to win the best things. Great scholars have been all their lifetime in reaching their present standard. Our richest men began in a small way, worked hard year after year, saved every dollar they could, and now they are old as well as rich.

It has taken them all these years to amass a fortune. Many of them die with age just when their fortune is secured.

Patient waiters are the only ones who get what they wait for. The impatient ones lose heart, and their pluck shrivels, and they whine themselves into failure. One of our noblest statesmen says, "Success is for those who know how to wait." And Longfellow writes: "All things come round to him who will but wait."

Webster, author of the dictionary, undertook a long job when he began to prepare that work. He knew that it would take him a quarter of a century, and perhaps more. He knew, also, that he would be known as a benefactor of his race when the work was done. He could afford to wait.

Think of the work and patience necessary to begin and end such an enterprise! Day after day, year after year, the same slow, careful study of words from A to Z! But he did it, though obliged to keep on with his work long after twenty-five years had elapsed. It

took him *thirty-six years* to make his dictionary.

Patience, like faith, will remove mountains. Indeed, faith is the secret of its power. It works by faith. Its gift of waiting is due to faith. Blessed sisters of charity, Patience and Faith!

“Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth and hath long patience. Be ye also patient.”

XXXII.

HOW NEATNESS WON.

NEATNESS includes being cleanly and tidy. No one can appear neat without these. The quality is of first importance. Everybody admires it, even persons who are not neat love to see it in others. The opposite quality is loathsome.

To be neat requires attention, care, taste, and a long train of good qualities. It does not mean nice clothes, but clean ones. There may be patches on them, but they are clean

and well taken care of. Clean face and hands, clothes brushed, hair combed, shoes blacked — these are an essential part of neatness. To cultivate this virtue helps make character.

One of our noblest living merchants, rich and kind, tells how neatness won a place for him in a store. His father died, and left the family poor. It was in a large city, and the mother secured two rooms, after her husband was buried, and took in sewing to support herself and children.

She was a model housekeeper, and kept her children looking as neat and tidy as her rooms. Nelson wore patched clothes, but they were clean. He was taught to wash his face and hands, brush his clothes, shoes, and hair as often as it was necessary. And he did it as promptly and gladly as he said his prayers.

When he was old enough to become an errand boy, his mother saw a sign at the front of a store, "BOY WANTED." She went home and told Nelson to apply for it. At once he started out to apply. He did not have to change his clothes, for on his back was the

only suit he had. But it was neat as a pin, though it was patched. He brushed his hair and shoes before going.

He soon appeared before the trader. "Another boy has just applied, and I think I shall hire him," said he. "How old are you?" "Where do you live?" "How long has your father been dead?" "How does your mother support the family?" These were some of the questions he put to Nelson to learn more about him. Nelson answered them in a manly way.

The other boy was waiting in the back part of the office, and the trader returned to him and conversed more. The result was that he came back and hired Nelson. First, he was errand boy, then clerk, and finally, in his manhood, he became a partner in the business. Then, his old employer told him, "The reason I hired you twenty years ago, instead of the other boy, was on account of your neatness. There were patches on your clothes, but they were clean, and your hair and shoes were all right."

Sometimes people decline to buy berries of children because their hands are dirty. Sometimes teachers have to send pupils home to wash their faces and hands. There is no excuse for dirt in such places. Poor clothes may be all right, but the poorest children in the world can have clean hands and faces. And they will if they are neat.

XXXIII.

ALWAYS HONEST.

JAMES RICE was cash boy in a store in Boston. He was handsome as a picture, and as honest as he was nice. His employer saw the qualities of a good business man in him, though he was but nine years old. Should he prove to be strictly honest, he would make a noble clerk in the future.

One day he sent him out to pay a grocer's bill. He put one dollar more than the amount of the bill into James' hand.

"When you pay money to any party always count it before giving it to him," he said. He was trying the boy.

James paid the bill as directed, counting the money before giving it to the grocer. He found one dollar too many. He counted it the second time.

"He has sent one dollar too many," said James to the grocer.

The latter counted it. "This is right without the dollar you have taken out," said the grocer, thinking that the boy was correct as well as honest.

James took the extra dollar back to his employer, who thanked him for doing the errand so well.

In other ways the honesty of James was tested, and every time he proved true as steel. His employer knew that he had a prize in James, and he kept his eye on him for the future. At fifteen he had a salary of twelve hundred dollars, and filled an important place. At twenty-two he was chief manager in the store. At twenty-five he was one of the firm, and still continues to be.

A lad in Cincinnati, Ohio, was sent out by his sick and penniless mother to beg food for

the family. He called upon several parties without success, and was returning with an aching heart, when he found a pocket-book containing fifty dollars.

He hurried home to tell his mother, but added, when he made his report, "It isn't ours, and it wouldn't be right to use it, would it, mother?"

"No, my dear boy," answered his mother; "it would not be right. We better go hungry and suffer anything than use it."

The pocket-book was advertised, and the owner found. He was a wealthy man, and he gave the fifty dollars to the mother when he found how poor they were—as poor as they were honest—and took the boy into his store where he grew up to honor and fame.

XXXIV.

PLAYING KEEP.

It was in the early spring, and every boy was supplied with marbles. For some reason, boys become wild over marbles only in spring-

time. It was so with John Dove. He had over thirty marbles in his pocket one day in April. Ten days later he had none.

"Please buy me more marbles," he said to his father.

"More marbles!" exclaimed his father. "I thought you had a pocketful of them a few days ago; what has become of them?"

"I lost every one of them," answered John.

"Hunt for them, then. If I should buy as many more you would lose them," was his father's reply, not knowing what John meant by "lost."

"I don't mean that I lost them in that way," added John. "I lost them playing keep."

"Playing keep! what is that?" asked Mr. Dove.

"Well, you know how boys play marbles, papa. That is the way we play, only the boy who beats takes all the marbles, and the boy who gets beat loses his. I lost every one of mine in that way."

"You surprise me, John; I never thought my boy would gamble with marbles." Mr.

Dove said this with much feeling, for he meant what he said.

“Why, papa, it is not gambling to play marbles; I would not gamble for anything.”

John meant what he said just as much as his father did. He was a good boy, and did not stop to think that “playing keep” was gambling.

“Look here, my son,” continued Mr. Dove. “Suppose that you had a pocket full of *cents* instead of marbles, and you put up ten of them in play and the boy who beat got them; is not that just what gamblers do?”

John looked up with surprise, it was a new idea to him; but he said nothing because he was thinking. His father added : —

“See here, my dear boy, to gamble is not what you gain or lose ; it is the act of putting up what you gain or lose. You can gamble with apples, nuts, or sticks of candy. You do just what gamblers do when you stake marbles or nuts, only they use money instead of these. Do you see it now, John?”

“Yes, father, I see it now. I never thought

of it before. I will not play 'keep' any more if you will buy more marbles for me."

XXXV.

HONEST AND TRUE.

NOT many can stand in the sunlight,
 'Neath skies ever arching and blue,
The children of fame and of fortune,
 But all can be honest and true.

To inherit the kingdom of beauty,
 May not be for me or for you;
It is much to be born in the purple,
 But 'tis more to be honest and true.

It is pleasant to stand with the highest,
 If only to share in their view;
To be friends with the best and the wisest;
 But 'tis more to be honest and true.

We may not be wise as a Solon,
 We may not be rich as the few;
Or as grand as a king or a sultan,
 But let us be honest and true.

XXXVI.

THE CIGARETTE PERIL.

THE cigar and cigarette belong to the same family, and a bad family it is. The cigarette is younger than the cigar, the youngest imp of the tobacco household. That is, it was born recently, and many people are sorry that it ever was born.

Doctors declare that the cigarette is even more hurtful than the cigar. It is so baneful to young people that many States have forbidden the sale of it to boys by law. Many anti-cigarette societies have been organized in public schools, and thousands of pupils have become members. Smoking, chewing, and snuffing tobacco injures the health and morals of its victims. Teachers say that scholars who use tobacco are not so studious, bright, and resolute as others. A good reason for yoking it with rum, and fighting both!

A pupil in Cincinnati broke down. He was very nervous, and could not sleep. A sort of paralysis crept over him, and he grew

dull and stupid. Finally he partially lost his mind. The physicians said that smoking cigarettes was the cause. Such cases are numerous.

The habit of using tobacco is formed as readily as the drink-habit. A youth of eighteen went to California when gold was first found there. He had never used tobacco in any form. One day he had an attack of toothache while working in his mine. A comrade, finding a cavity in the tooth, filled it with tobacco for relief. The result was that the sufferer became a slave to tobacco.

Like the drink-habit, the use of the "noxious weed," as tobacco is called, because it is baneful, makes slaves of its victims. Many of them admit that they cannot leave off—that they have tried in vain to quit. Not much of a compliment to them,—poor, weak, enslaved souls! Those who never begin to use it never become its slaves.

The late Dr. Mott, of New York City, said: "Tobacco is an enemy to the five senses. In time it injures the sense of taste

and smell, impairs hearing and weakens the eyes, and, in many cases, destroys the musical ring of the voice." He might have said that, while it destroys the sense of smell, other people can smell the tobacco user across the room.

Surely such a peril should be avoided. Children who want to become honored men and women should reject it stoutly. It is a foe to success.

XXXVII.

THE MANLY BOY.

To be manly is to act like a true man. To do this a boy must be thoughtful, helpful, and noble. If there be anything rude or mean about him, he is not manly. He must have the best qualities there are in order to be manly—such good traits as he will have twenty years from now when he will be known for true manhood.

In Siam a boy becomes a man at fourteen. Until then his hair is allowed to grow on top

of his head. But, on his fourteenth birthday his head is shaved, and he is called a man. No matter if the inside of his head be empty, they call him a man when he is old enough to shave the outside of it.

In our country, manly boys are not made in this way. Here they must go to school and church, improve their time, read, work, think, be mannerly and upright, and show by their actions that they mean to make good men. Their heads must be wise and their hearts true.

Bennie Lee was a true son, and his mother a widow. Mrs. Lee supported herself and boy by sewing for ladies in the village. But one cold winter she had little work, and want was the wolf at the door.

"You are not going out, Ben, are you?" asked Mrs. Lee, seeing her boy buttoning up his coat one morning.

"Yes, mother, I am going to find a job at shovelling snow in the village," answered Ben, as if he had made up his mind to help his mother.

"I'm afraid you'll freeze, such a cold morning," added his mother ; "but you are a good boy, Ben."

"Ought to be, got a good mother, you know," Ben retorted with a loving smile, as he darted out of the door.

Taking a shovel from the shed, he hurried to the village. First he called on Dr. Newell.

"Want the snow shovelled from your sidewalk?"

The doctor looked him over. "Are you big enough to do it?" he asked.

"Try me and see," was Ben's manly answer.

"Yes, I want it done, and if you do it well, I will give you a quarter." So saying the doctor closed the door.



BEN.

In one half hour Ben got his quarter and went on for another job. Before twelve o'clock he had earned one dollar and a quarter. How glad he was! It was not pride; it was the spirit of manliness in his soul!

He went to the grocer's and bought tea, sugar, and other things, and then to the butcher's for meat. He carried home seven or eight packages, as much as he could lug. "My dear Ben!" his mother exclaimed, and then cried for joy.

No man could have done better than that. Ben acted like a man, and so was manly.

XXXVIII.

THE WOMANLY GIRL.

THE womanly girl is by no means a little old woman; but she is a "little woman," as Miss Alcott shows. Women are more thoughtful, self-possessed, and trusty than they were in girlhood. So, when a girl has these qualities, we say that she is womanly. It is to her credit.

A girl who is flighty, rude, boisterous, thinking much of play and little of work, is not womanly. She does not take a thoughtful view of life. She does not know what is

most important to be said and done. An example will show what we mean better than any words.

Lucretia Coffin was born in Nantucket, Mass., where she lived until twelve or thirteen years of age. We speak of her because she became one of the honored women of our land, and died a few years ago.

"Lucretia was never a girl, she was always womanly," was the remark of a neighbor at the time Lucretia was married. No one knew this better than her parents. Although one of the youngest children in the family, her mother trusted her most. When a mere child, she had her duties about the house to fulfil as really as her mother.

"If a message was to be carried, or an errand to be done, Lucretia was generally



WOMANLY.

chosen to do it, as she was both quick to understand, and quick to execute."

At ten years of age, a younger sister was put under her care, and she gladly looked after her. Whether in the house or on the street, Mother Coffin knew that Lucretia would be true to her charge, so that she had no fears. This was womanly in a high degree.

"Could she play?" you ask. Of course she could. There was not a livelier, more active, wideawake girl in Nantucket than Lucretia Coffin was. She played with all her heart when she played. She just put life and music into things; but she was never rude.

"Was she perfect?" do you ask? No; she was not perfect, and did not pretend to be. Sometimes she did wrong, but soon was sorry for it, and that was womanly.

Lucretia married James Mott, who was a Quaker like herself; and both of them became widely known for their goodness, philanthropy, and labors for the slave. She wrote, lectured, preached, and spent much time and money to rid our land of slavery. She died in 1880,

at the age of eighty-seven. Among her last words were these:

“If you resolve to follow the Lamb wherever you may be led, you will find all the ways pleasant, and the paths peace.”

A womanly girl makes a model woman.

XXXIX.

TELL THE TRUTH.

TRUTH is what God says about anything; not what man says. A man may speak the truth, but it is truth because God has said it was. God is the author of all truth; man is not the author of any. He who tells the truth is right because God approves what he says.

The Psalmist said, “Thy law is the truth.” That is why truth is strong and endures. It is the strength of God and “standeth forever.” Telling the truth is the opposite of telling a lie. “Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight.” “A righteous man (one who tells the truth) hateth lying.”

Lord Wellington was once treated by an aurist who applied caustic so powerful that the hearing of the ear was destroyed. The aurist was deeply pained by his mistake, and expressed his sorrow without reserve. "Do not say a word more about it," said Wellington, "you did all for the best." The aurist replied, "If my blunder should become known, my reputation would be destroyed." "But no one need know anything about it," added Wellington. "Keep your own counsel and depend upon it, I won't say a word to any one."

"Then your grace will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show the public that I still have your confidence," continued the aurist. Wellington answered, "No! I can't do that, for that would be a lie." To *act* a lie was as much of a sin in his view as to tell one. He could forgive and forget, and be kind and generous, but he could not be a liar, and live.

Several boys were playing "I spy," and having a fine time. When Henry was care-

fully looking for Charles, Hugh, who had reached the goal, pointed with his finger to the north, and Henry understood him to mean that Charles was hiding in that direction. But Hugh meant to deceive Henry, for Charles went the opposite way. Hugh told a lie with his finger, so that Charles reached the goal when Henry was looking for him where he did not hide.

You can tell a lie with your finger or foot, and even with your eye, as well as with your tongue. That is, you can *act* a lie as really as you can speak one. Noble is the boy or girl who will neither speak nor act a falsehood, but ever tell and act the truth!

XL.

THE FRIEND INSIDE.

THERE is a true friend in every child's heart. People call it conscience. It rebukes when he does wrong, and makes him feel unhappy. It approves when he does right, and makes him feel glad. It is the best friend

a child can have, and ought never to be treated with neglect.

Miss Alcott, author of "Our Little Men and Women," tells the story of a little girl, and it explains what we mean. It is as follows:—

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her.

"You need not look at me, Moon," she said. "You don't know about it; you can't see in the daytime. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it, but to-night it sounded just as if it said, "*I know, I know, I know.*"

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing; you were upstairs."

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon pussy jumped up on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to "pur-r-r-r, pur-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that, too, sounded as if pussy said, "*I know, I know.*"

"Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I guess—I want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her story.

"I was awfully naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then—I—I—oh, I don't want to tell, but I 'spect I must,—I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it, but she had hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.

Conscience made the little girl wretched until she told the truth, and the whole truth, to her mother. It kept her from going from bad to worse.

XLI.

AVOID ANGER.

ANGER is a harder master than money and foolish as it is wicked. The Bible condemns it plainly. "Cease from anger and forsake wrath." "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools." It hinders success, and often leads to crime.

Two brothers, Alvah and Michael, were inclined to get angry. One day they were playing ball when Alvah said that he caught the ball which Michael knocked. Michael declared that he did not catch it and was trying to cheat. Alvah insisted upon taking the bat, but Michael would not consent. A quarrel followed in which they beat each

other as if they were wild Indians instead of brothers.

Finally Alvah threw a stone at Michael, causing a frightful wound on one knee. After months of great pain Michael's leg was cut off. Anger maimed him for life. Brothers, too! But anger does not stop to ask whether its victim is a relative or not.

The first murder on record is found described in the fourth chapter of Genesis—Cain killed his brother Abel. He was mad. Anger may lead to all the crimes in the calendar.

There is a young man in the State prison of Massachusetts now who killed a man in a fit of anger. From a boy he was known for his bad temper. One day when he was seventeen or eighteen years of age, he became angry with a near neighbor, threw a stone at him and killed him.

Byron's mother was noted for anger. In a burst of passion she would beat and abuse him beyond measure, and he grew up to be like his mother. Once she became very angry

with his teacher and went to the school to berate him. The scholars heard her awful tirade. Afterwards one of the pupils said to Byron: —

“Your mother is a fool.”

Byron replied, “I know it.”

That opinion agrees with the Bible.

Anger can be overcome. God says that it can be, and he blesses the effort to conquer it. “He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.” General Grant captured Richmond, but he who rules his own temper and never gets angry is greater than he. Here is God’s word for it.

To control temper is duty. It is wise, also. The effort has its reward. An amiable spirit is beautiful. An angry spirit is hateful. The quick-tempered boy and girl lose friends. “Dogs delight to bark and bite.” Children should not be like the dogs. If ever you give way to anger think of the divine warning, “Let not the sun go down on your wrath.” Become pleasant and happy before sundown.

XLII.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

LUCY LARCOM.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do.
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through;



A SUNBEAM.

I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe,
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine,
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

Art not thou a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

XLIII.

WHAT MONEY IS FOR.

MONEY is a blessing when it is used rightly.
The same is true of all other good things. They
bless if used well; they curse when abused.

Many people do not seem to know what money is for. They want it above all things. But they want it to spend chiefly on themselves.

Jenny Lind, who was called the "Swedish Nightingale," because she was the most famous singer in Sweden or any other country in her day, said that she learned what money was for in her girlhood. Not much money was found in her father's family, and none of it was wasted on luxuries or pleasures. Clothes, food, schooling, a few books, and some common comforts were bought with it. By wise economy a little was saved to give to the needy.

Miss Lind became rich. Her wonderful voice and musical talents brought her a fortune. What she learned about the use of money in girlhood was all she wanted to know about it when she became a rich woman. She purchased clothes, food, books, culture, and a home with it, and gave thousands of dollars to the destitute. She never forgot what money is for.

Some children appear to think that money is to buy candies with, and cakes, and all sorts of sweet-meats and nick-nacks, showy apparel and homes, toys and amusements. Also, to buy nothing to do with, thinking that the highest happiness is to live without work. But that is not at all what money is for. Boys and girls should get nearer the truth than that.

Money is our circulating medium in trade. Families need it to buy things they must have. In this way society exists, and the world of traffic prospers. Money means food, clothing, dwellings, schools, churches, books, wise recreation, and the means of doing good.

Of course, money is not something to hoard. Its value is in its use. A million gold dollars would have been worth no more than a million stones to Crusoe on his island home. There was nothing to buy, and, therefore, no use for money. And so money that is simply hoarded is of no value. It does not purchase the necessities of life, nor relieve those who are in want. That is not what money is for.

The Bible says, "The love of money is the

root of all evil." That is, money sought for its own sake is the cause of all sorts of evil — lying, stealing, cheating, forging, robbery, and even murder. A good reason for avoiding the love of money.

A few years ago a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, leading member of a church, gave a brilliant party that cost five thousand dollars. The next Sabbath he dropped a check for five hundred dollars into the contribution-box.

About the same time a rich member of another church in the same city gave a party that cost five hundred dollars, and the next Sabbath he put a check for five thousand dollars into the contribution-box.

Which of the two knew best what money is for ?

XLIV.

EARNING MONEY.

It is a good thing to be obliged to earn money. Men who earn their money know better how to spend it. Boys and girls who

never earn a dime do not know the worth of a dime.

The father of the late William E. Seward said of his son at the close of his first year in college, "He doesn't know the worth of a dollar because he never earned a dollar." Afterwards, however, he was obliged to work his own way, and he soon learned the worth of a dollar.

When Longfellow, the poet, entered Harvard College, at fourteen, he was poor. His mother removed to Cambridge to board him, and also to support them both by boarding students. Young Longfellow desired to help himself, so he engaged to do chores for the president of the university. He knew the worth of every dollar he earned in this way. Doing chores was good for his health and his morals.

Charlotte Brontë, author of *Jane Eyre*, was the daughter of a clergyman having a small and poor parish, where the large family would have starved but for the tact of the father to "make a dollar go a great way." By doing

housework, after her mother died, she saved her father the expense of paying some one for doing what she could do. A dollar saved by her labor was the same as a dollar earned. Charlotte looked at it in that way, and was happy that she could do her part.

After she became a famous author she still continued to share household cares and work with her sisters, because "it was so good for health and character." There was discipline in it. She was more successful than she could have been without it.

The late Governor Washburn, of Massachusetts, was one of the noblest Christian men known to the people. But he was a penniless boy, and earned what he could for his parents. He did errands for neighbors, picked berries, rode horse to plow, and dropped corn for farmers, and finally worked for the village blacksmith — all to earn an honest dollar.

In his manhood Mr. Washburn often spoke of his struggles in boyhood, and what a blessing it was to him to be obliged to earn money. He thought it was the true way to make man-

hood; for manhood-making begins in boyhood.

These facts show that earning money is very important for boys and girls. Nor is there any disgrace in it. Thoughtful citizens honor them for doing it. Young traders call at their houses with berries of all kinds to sell, also dandelions, cowslips, and other articles used in families. Buyers know that it is their way of earning money to help themselves or their parents; and they are glad to see it.

XLV.

KEEPING MONEY.

THE newspapers have just announced the death of one James Gilchrist, in England. He possessed rare inventive genius. He could make almost any tool or machine. He made all of Professor Pettigrew's models, used in learning the laws that govern the flight of birds. Yet he died poor. His wife said that "he could make everything but money."

The remark of Mrs. Gilchrist did not con-

vey exactly the fact. Her husband did earn much money, for his rare skill and industrious habits received good pay. But he did not know how to *keep* money. There are many people like him; money slips through their fingers, they scarcely know how. However much they earn, their purses and coin soon part company. One of our richest merchants said, a short time before he died, "It is easier to make money than to keep it." His remark shows that care and thought are required to keep money.

This is doubly true of children. Some spend every cent they can get for sweetmeats, or something else to please the palate. The sight of candy, marbles, ball, or bat, or something else, is sure to bring down the last penny. "James can't keep a cent; it burns in his pocket until he spends it for candy or something else that does him no good," said a mother. Such boys, and girls, too, are found in every neighborhood.

There is danger here. He who does not know how to keep money will not have it to

keep when he is old. This is something for children to think about. They must think before they can keep. Think what money is for, what a good turn it will serve in old age, how useful it may be in sickness and misfortune and how many poor people you may meet and assist in the future.

We do not ask you to hoard money, for that is not keeping it for the good it will do. It has its use — keep it for that use. Do not waste it. Do not spend it foolishly. Use it wisely. Lay it by for a reserve fund. The time will come when you will need it more than you do now.

A merchant of New York City married a sensible young lady in his early manhood. They began housekeeping in good style, and the wife was allowed a definite amount monthly to pay the bills. Years went by and the merchant became rich. Ten years later the hard times swept his wealth away, and now he was poor. His beautiful home must be sold. At that point his wife came forward with money enough to save the home. She

had saved it from her monthly allowance by economy, without divulging what she was doing to her husband. She knew how to keep money and a secret, too.

XLVI.

A FOE TO SHUN.

THE use of intoxicating drinks causes more sorrow and woe than all other evils combined. They create drunkenness, and drunkenness destroys homes and breaks hearts, makes widows and orphans, and fills poorhouses and jails with inmates.

There are in our land to-day one million drunkards, nearly every one standing for a wretched home: five million poor, hungry, forlorn children, a large number of whom are orphans, the offspring of drunken fathers and mothers. No language can describe their poverty and anguish.

“Father has been out on a drunk,” said a little boy, “and we haven’t a stick of wood to burn, nor any food to eat, and I can’t go to

least three fourths of all the poverty, vice, misery, and crime in the world. No other curse has such a record.

XLVII.

A FRIEND TO WIN.

IF intoxicating drinks are such a foe to the human race, there is only one wise way of dealing with them; abstain wholly from their use. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." This is a safe rule. It is temperance, one of the best friends to win.

Here, again, the Bible is very clear. After speaking of the class who have "woe," "sorrow," "contentions," and "babbling," because they "tarry long at the wine," it provides a remedy; one of the simplest remedies in the world, such as the smallest reader of this book can adopt. Here it is:—

"LOOK NOT THOU UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED." Prov. 23: 31.

This is God's counsel, and therefore it is the safest and best to follow. No boy or girl can

ever become a drunkard if this advice be adopted. It is the plainest, shortest, wisest pledge of total abstinence on record. Read it again.

“LOOK not thou upon the wine!” There can be no mistake about that. If you never *look* upon a glass of intoxicating drink, you will never drink it. If you never look upon a saloon, you will never enter one. The text can have but one meaning—never drink a drop of that which will intoxicate.

The great William Wirt was once a poor drunkard. But at last he made a friend of temperance. It was done in this way. He was going home from a carousal when he fell by the roadside helpless, and there dropped to sleep.

The lady who refused to marry him because of his drink-habit passed by when the hot sun was shining full in his face. She spread her pocket-handkerchief over his face to shield it from the sun, and went on. When Mr. Wirt awoke from his drunken sleep, he was surprised to find the handkerchief. On looking

it over he found the lady's name in one corner, and it touched his heart.

"I will never drink another drop," he said, then and there, and he never did. He went directly to her, renewed his love, accepted her proposition to pledge himself never to drink more; and they were married and lived happily together until death separated them.

What can children do about it, do you ask? They can do even more than their fathers and mothers. As it is now, many boys and girls drink beer and cider, and perhaps wine, and become drunkards. In this way the number of drunkards is about the same from year to year — the great army of them keep tramping on to ruin.

Now if all the boys and girls in our land should adopt the Bible pledge quoted, and keep it, this procession of drunkards would stop. One after another would die, until the last one would be gone.

It is not a hard task. Say, "I will do it," and do it, that is all. A Union soldier of the late war fought in Virginia. He returned to

his home, and was telling how much he had suffered for the want of pure water. "I was obliged to drink whiskey several times," he said.

"How far were you from James River?" his little son inquired.

"About fifteen miles," his father answered.

After a moment's pause the noble boy said, as though he meant every word of it, "Well, I would have walked all the way to James River for a drink before I would have broken *my* pledge."

Yes! the children can do it.

XLVIII.

A THOUGHTLESS ACT.

A THOUGHTLESS act is one that is done without thinking. Old people sometimes perform such acts, but young people are more apt to do thoughtless things, for they have less experience and discretion.

George was a good boy as the world runs. He was neither rude, rowdyish, nor ignorant.

But one day a neighbor's horse and buggy stood at his father's door. The horse was not tied, and was a gentle beast. George was in the garden when the impulse came over him to throw a stone at the horse. Without stopping to think for a moment, he hurled a stone and it struck the animal squarely in the fore-



IS HE THINKING?

head. Frightened by the sudden assault, the horse whirled around in terror, turning the carriage over, then plunged into a fearful run, leaving fragments of the carriage along the road.

It was only a thoughtless act in George like that of Ray Palmer when he aimed a

fowling-piece at a playmate, not dreaming it was loaded, and killed him. The results were so serious in George's case that some persons called him a bad boy, when he was only a thoughtless boy. A good boy may inflict as great an injury by a thoughtless act as a bad boy can with a wilful act. The fact should teach children "to think twice before they act."

When Prescott, the great historian, was a member of Harvard College, the thoughtless act of a college-mate destroyed his eyesight. He was going out of Commons Hall, after dinner, when a rude student threw a hard piece of bread at random, and it struck Prescott plump in his right eye, knocking him down as quickly as if he were shot. He was conveyed at once to his home in Boston, where he passed through weeks of extreme suffering, the end of which was the loss of the eye. A few years later, the other eye became affected, and finally closed in night.

The student who threw the bread was neither angry nor vicious. He was thought-

less; and his act did as much injury as a wicked resolve to put out his friend's eyes could have done. It is no excuse for the act of boy or girl to say that the author of it was thoughtless. *Not to think* is wrong; and there is no excuse for wrong. To be heedless is the same as to be thoughtless. Is it right to be heedless? Never.

XLIX.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese:
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger!
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;

First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.
Now my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

L.

FILIAL LOVE A DUTY.

“CHILDREN, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.” This is God’s command, and it is given because children cannot become good men and women without it. Only obedient children grow up to be useful and honored. God says, “Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother.” Men and women in reform schools and prisons know how true these words of God are.

When Richard Cecil was a small boy his father took him into a large mercantile house where he went to transact some business. He left him at the door where he entered, with orders to remain there until his father’s return. Mr. Cecil was detained much longer than he expected, and, in his haste, made his exit by another door, entirely forgetting his son. On going to his home near the close of the day, Mrs. Cecil inquired, “Where is Richard?”

“I declare,” exclaimed her husband, almost overcome by the thought of his negligence,

"I forgot him when I left the store. I told him to wait at the door until I came."

"Then he is waiting there now," said Mrs. Cecil. "Richard always obeys."

Mr. Cecil lost no time in going to the relief of his son, and there he found him just where he told him to wait. How charming is such exact obedience!

Richard grew to be the celebrated Rev. Richard Cecil, known the world over for his noble character and lifework. In age he remarked, "I owe more to the fact that obedience was the law of my parents' home than to anything else but the grace of God."

A little girl in the Sabbath school was asked by her teacher, "What does your mother teach you?"

She answered, "Obedience."

"What else?" the teacher continued.

"She teaches me only obedience," was the girl's reply.

Soon after the teacher met the mother and told her what Effie said.

"Effie was right," said her mother; "that is

the one lesson my children learn. The truly obedient child is the kind, gentle, industrious, aspiring, truthful one, and the only one to love his parents as he ought." She was right.

For this reason God makes filial love a duty. Children will love if they obey, and they will obey if they love. They must do both in order to make true men and women. Hence God commands them to obey their parents. They have no choice about it. They *must* do it.

LI.

THE RICHEST ORNAMENT.

CHILDREN like ornaments, such as jewels, ribbons, and feathers. Many older people like them, also. They think that such things add charms to personal appearance. Much money is spent for them.

But there is a richer ornament than chains of gold and pearls. The Bible very plainly shows that the instructions of fathers and mothers, heeded and reduced to practice by

their obedient children, are more ornamental than jewels. How beautiful are its words: "For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck." If the little girl, with a gold bracelet and a necklace of pearls, does not love and obey her parents she is not half so attractive as the loving, obedient child with neither of these ornaments.

All the gold and silver ornaments in the world cannot make disobedience look well. Dress it up in silks or satins, and it is not half so attractive as obedience in plain calico. The boy who will not mind his parents may dress fashionably, and the more he dresses the worse he appears. He is a bad boy, and the costliest suit of clothes can never make him appear like a good boy. Obedience is worth more, and looks better, than all the jewels that money can buy. It is lovely, and grows lovelier every year.

Archbishop Tillotson was a great man, and lived in a style of elegance required by the customs of that day. His aged father had

been the object of his warmest love from his earliest years. He was a poor, plain man of Yorkshire, but no less dear to the famous divine. One day his father paid him an unexpected visit. Ringing the bell, which a servant answered, he inquired for John Tillotson. The servant had been wont to hear the call for archbishop, instead of John, and he concluded the visitor was some poor wretch, and he ordered him away. But the archbishop heard and knew the voice of his father, and he rushed to the door, exclaiming, "That is my dear father!" and he embraced him with all the affection of a dutiful child. His filial love set him off more than his title of archbishop.

LII.

BE TRUE TO YOUR MOTHER.

CHILDREN who love their mothers most are most likely to make good men and women. Mothers watch over and care for them, as fathers do not and cannot. In infancy, childhood, and youth, whether sick or well, gentle

or rude, obedient or wayward, the mother's eye follows her children, and her loving heart folds them in fond embrace. Blessed mother!

Washington Irving was never married. His mother held his strong love and devotion in his manhood, as really as when he was a child. His great fame took him into the society of kings and queens, but his mother's society was dearer to him than royalty. As long as she lived, his deeds of filial love never ceased. And when he came to his own death-bed, the memory of his mother cheered the close of his life; and his last request was, "Lay me beside my mother." A touching tribute to his truest friend!

The poet, Longfellow, was a "mother-boy." He was never so happy as when doing to make his mother happy. At nineteen years of age he was studying in Dresden, and he wrote to her thus: —

"For me a line from my mother is worth more than all the sermons preached in Lent, and I find more incitement to virtue in merely

looking at your hand-writing than in a whole volume of ethics and moral discourses. Indeed, I read no book with so much interest as one of your letters."

There is little danger that the son who thinks so much of his mother will be lured into vice and crime. Foolish playmates may ridicule the "mother-boy," but he is the best boy there is. They who make fun of him are in danger. They are thoughtless and unkind to their parents. It would be far better for them to be "tied to a mother's apron-strings" than to be tied to a fellow-criminal ten years hence, on the way to the lock-up or prison. The poet, H. F. Crocker, puts it thus: —

"Down the street a block or two,
Lives a boy with courage true,
Full of laughter, fun, and noise,
Still he's not like other boys.
There's a difference — for I know
Oft there comes a crimson glow
To his cheeks — not shame, but pride,
When the other boys deride,

When they cry such hateful things,
‘Tied to his mother’s apron-strings!’
‘He’s his mother’s little boy!’
‘He’s his mother’s pride and joy!’
But he laughs it off; says he,
‘Best place in all the world to be!
Such a mother is too good
To run out for kindling-wood,
Or to the grocer’s, down the street,
While I’ve got a pair of feet.
Better than any other thing
Is my mother’s apron-string!’”

LIII.

NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.

WILLIE wanted a garden. His father was planting, and Willie asked for a corner of the lot.

“I will hoe it, and keep all the weeds out,” he promised his father. “It will be so nice to raise corn, and peas, and beans for myself!”

“Very nice it will be, I think,” replied his father, “but you cannot take care of it without

first learning how. It is quite a task to take care of a garden well."

Willie pledged himself to learn how to cultivate the garden, and to hoe it as often as hoeing was needed. So the patch was marked out, and Willie was happy.

"I must help you plant, for boys cannot do that until they learn how," said his father. "Seeing how I plant this year, and helping what you can, next year you can do it all alone."

So the planting was done; corn, beans, peas, cucumbers, squashes, lettuce, and several kinds of flowers at one end of the garden. In two weeks Willie had to begin to hoe. His father showed him how to hoe well, but Willie did not find it so easy as play. Indeed, he was tried very much in hoeing beans and peas, to scatter the dirt through them without injuring the plants, and to make the rows smooth, as his father did. He tried over and over to make his hoeing look as well as his father's did, and finally gave up in despair.

"You must have patience and persever-

ance," said his father. "You have tried two or three times and failed; now try again, and keep on trying until you succeed. That is the only way to make a man. Your motto should be 'No such word as fail.' If you do not succeed to-day and to-morrow, resolve to succeed if it takes all summer. If you cannot hoe as well as I can this year, do it next year."

Willie grew wise and strong by his father's talk. He kept on trying, and became quite skilful with the hoe before summer ended. He felt repaid, too, when he picked peas, beans, cucumbers, asters, tube-roses, and other things for his mother — all from his own garden.

All people make failures, and the wise ones learn their best lessons from them. Elias Howe made a sewing-machine, but it would not sew. He thought he saw why it failed, and he made another. The second worked little better than the first. But there was no such word as fail to him; and he kept on until he made one that would sew.

Edison made a talking-machine — the

phonograph — but it would not talk. He thought and studied more, but it did not talk as he meant it should. "It shall talk," he said; and from every failure he learned something to help him on to success. And now we have the wonderful phonograph!

Failures should be teachers. That is what they are for. Dr. Payson once said, "I do not recollect success in anything of value in which I did not meet with some rebuff in the outset."

LIV.

GOOD COMPANY OR NONE.

WE are made for companionship. God never meant that each one should dwell apart by himself, even if such a thing were possible. True men and women never could be made in such a state of things. Good company is necessary to make the best manhood and womanhood.

Companions are a matter of choice. We are not obliged to select bad ones. If thrust

upon us we can get rid of them. The trouble is that young people soon learn to love the wayward and vicious companion. They need to start right, resolved to shun the boy or girl who has bad habits or a bad spirit.

That famous preacher, George Whitefield, was a bootblack when he was a boy. He was the students' bootblack in Oxford University, England. He was a bright, cheerful, manly lad. He loved to read and talk with the students about learning. The best class of students became his firm friends. They devised a plan to teach him and he made rapid progress. These students took turns in teaching and assisting him on various lines. They invited him to their rooms and became his companions.

George loved their company, and it was fortunate for him. For, in Oxford, as in all colleges, a class of students were found whose habits and influence led to idleness and vice. But these had no power over George to lead him astray. The other class won his heart in the outset, and held it.

George Whitefield was led on and up, to get an education, and became a preacher of world-wide fame, by good companions at the right time. Ten years later they might not have guided him so easily, if at all, in the way of success. They were wise in their method to assist him, and he was wise in yielding to it.

When Oliver Goldsmith was a youth he embarked on a vessel for Holland. On board were several wayward young men, who prevailed upon him to go with them to Bordeaux. They were smart, agreeable, young men, whose company he enjoyed, and he yielded to their request. In that city he went with them to places of vicious resort, and finally was arrested with them and sent to prison where he was kept two weeks. He learned from experience that bad company was perilous. From that time his rule was, good company or none.

William Wilberforce entered St. John's College, Cambridge, when he was seventeen, and he said, "I was introduced, on the first

night of my arrival to as vicious a set of men as can well be conceived. They drank hard, and their conversation was even worse than their lives. But after the first year I shook them off." He saw that he would go to ruin unless he forsook their company. From that time he chose good associates.

George Herbert said, "Keep good company and you shall be of the number."

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners."

LV.

BE MODEST.

TRUE modesty never praises itself. It never acts as if it were better than anything else. It is never vain, and never shows any conceit.

Some girls are proud of their beauty, some of their clothes, some of their ornaments, some of their nice homes, and some of their brightness.

Some boys are proud of their good looks, others of their fathers' high standing, still others of their wit, and yet others of not being poor and needy like many around them.

Such children are not modest. They are vain and conceited; and these qualities hinder them in the work of life. Nobody thinks well of vanity or conceit in man, woman, or child. The girl who acts as if she did not know that she was beautiful, or finely dressed, or pretty, is modest; and all persons admire her.

A modest boy, too, makes many friends. He does not set himself up above his playmates. He does not feel that he is better than they. He may be far above his companions in knowledge and talents, but he does not appear conscious of it.

When the wife of John Adams, second President of the United States, was a girl, she was far above all her companions in talents, position, and noble qualities. At the same time, she never put on airs, and never seemed to think more of herself than she ought to think.

All who knew her admired her. Her modesty added new charm to all other qualities found in company with it.

“Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.” This is what the Bible says of modesty; and praise coming in that way is worth much, while self-praise is worthless.

Wendell Phillips was a fine scholar and orator, known for his modesty. In his boyhood he easily led his class in school. Teachers knew that he was a boy of rare talents. His companions knew it as well, too. There was a native grace, also, in his bearing—a freedom from everything clumsy or awkward. The polish of nature seemed to adorn his manners.

Yet, he was not conscious of it; at least, he did not act as if he were aware of the fact. Other people saw that he was not a common boy; they watched him with deep interest. His talents and noble bearing attracted them all the more, because he was so modest, and never thought himself to be above his

humblest classmate. When he reached the height of his fame, his modesty was as fine as his eloquence. People scarcely knew which to admire the most. One was as much a part of his greatness as the other.

The greatest and best men and women are always modest. Real talents never boast. "Empty heads give out the loudest sound." Conceit can make a great show sometimes; but modesty never tries to do it.

LVI.

LITTLE VIRTUES.

THERE are no little virtues really; the smallest is great and grand. Virtue is like God, and therefore great. But people tell of little virtues. They mean the less important ones, for some virtues are more important than others.

Children are apt to think that some virtues are so small as to be of no account; but that is not so. To be neat and tidy is not so important as it is to be truthful and good; but it

is in no sense a small matter to be neat and tidy. The latter is better than anything else in its place.

A famous author lives in our land who did this when she was a girl. Just at dark, one day, she heard a dog moaning in the back yard. She went out to see, and found a dog under the shed, with one leg injured, if not broken. The dog was somebody's pet, she knew not whose, for he lapped her hand and wagged his tail as if glad to see her.

Mary (that was the girl's name) pitied the animal, and thought what she could do for him. A cold, stormy night was coming on, and it would be too bad to leave him there to suffer. She took him up in her arms, carried him into the house, laid him in a basket by the fire, and gave him food and drink.

Mary's father examined the dog's limb, and found it was not broken. He advised his daughter what to do; and the limb was soaked with liniment and wound with bandages. In the morning the dog was able to limp about, and seemed grateful for his nursing.

In the course of the day, Mary learned to

whom the dog belonged — a boy of sixteen or seventeen years, whom she did not know. But she took the pet to him, and the fellow



THE DOG WAS ABLE TO LIMP ABOUT.

was so glad to get his dog back that he burst into tears, and cried like a baby.

“A small thing,” many people will say, to care for a dog! But this woman says that the act made her a better girl at the time, and had much to do with her success in life.

One of the richest men the author ever knew was very exact in his dealings. Once he settled an account with a man with whom he traded, and could not make exactly the change. He owed his friend one cent. "Of no account whatever," said the man; "near enough." But the next morning, the rich man harnessed his horse, and carried the cent to square the account exactly.

Call that a little virtue? Perhaps it was by comparison, but it was a grand virtue. It is not small business to make such an effort to be exactly right. Make up a whole life of such little deeds, and it will shine like the sun.

A writer says, "Nothing is small that affects human character or destiny."

Irving says of Washington, "He was careful of small things."

Amos Lawrence said to a young person, "When I look back, I can trace the small events which happened at your age, as having an influence upon all the after life."

LVII.

LITTLE VICES.

THE Bible says, "Little foxes destroy the vines." It says so for this reason. Palestine was a land of vineyards — a great country for grapes. It required much care and labor to grow and keep the vines.

There was one dreaded foe to the vineyards. It was the fox—the smallest animal there was. He burrowed in them, and reared his young, and all of them together made bad work with the vines. They destroyed more than cattle, or the largest wild beasts of the forests. They could hide beneath the leaves, and do their mischief before the owner knew it.

It is so with little vices. Young people, as well as older ones, excuse little sins. Boys who would not steal a cent will take an apple from an orchard that does not belong to them. "Only an apple," they say; "what of that?"

Girls, who will not lie will deceive sometimes. "I did not mean anything by it," they

say. They forget that deceit is on the way to falsehood. Nellie copied a problem from Ruth's slate, and passed it to her teacher as her own work. She did not say in so many words, "I performed it," she would not say that; but she did say it by an act, and thought little of it.

In this way children get into the wrong path before they are aware of it. They begin to be vicious in a small way, and excuse themselves for it; it is so very small. "Why! It was only an apple; it was nothing more than deceit; I only said darn it; I drank only cider." And so on to the end.

But little sins lead to great ones. The tempter never asks a child to do a great wrong at first; it would scare him, so that the child would do nothing wrong. He knows better than to ask a boy to swear outright at first; he knows the boy would not do it. But he leads him to use slang words, and then baser words, and then wicked words. It is an easy process, and sure.

John B. Gough used to say, after he re-

formed, "It was the first glass that ruined me." Perhaps it was a glass of cider or beer — something he thought was harmless. But it started him on the down grade. If he had let it alone, he would not have started on the wrong road: and if he had never started, he would never have become a drunkard.

The young murderer in New York told Dr. Thompson, the pastor of his boyhood, "It seems like a dream. If I had not yielded to a companion's appeal to go to the club just once, I should not be here now. I remember the night, scarcely three years ago. It cost me a great struggle to consent; but, that done, all the rest was easy."

Shun little vices; they always lead to greater ones. Refuse to commit the little sin, and it will be easy to decline to commit the greater one. He who will not deceive will not lie. He who will not steal a pin will not steal a dollar.

LVIII.

THE POWER OF LITTLES.

ANONYMOUS.

GREAT events, we often find,
On little things depend,
And very small beginnings
Have oft a mighty end.

A single utterance may good
Or evil thought inspire;
One little spark enkindled
May set a town on fire.

A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.

A daily penny saved
A fortune may begin.
A daily penny squandered
May lead to vice and sin.

Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,

As little streamlets joining
Form the ocean's tide.

LIX.

CRACKING THE COMMANDMENT.

JULIA was a good girl. She lived on a farm two miles from the village, and had only one playmate in her neighborhood. But one was all she needed, for she helped her mother more than some girls do who are twice as old.

One day she went to the village store with her mother. A large basketful of oranges stood near the door, and Julia was tempted to take one, when her mother was trading.

She moved towards the basket, and might have taken one as well as not. The merchant would not have seen her, for he was selling goods to her mother. But when she was on the point of slyly taking one, her conscience awoke and told her how wicked it would be.

"It is stealing," she thought, "and I will not be a thief." And she turned away from

the basket, no longer wanting an orange. She felt badly because she even thought of taking one. On the way home she burst into tears.

"Why, Julia," exclaimed her mother, "what is the matter, that you cry so?"

It was several minutes before Julia could control her feelings so as to tell her mother about the orange. Then she told the whole story.

"But you didn't steal the orange," said her mother, "why do you feel so badly about it?"

"No, I didn't steal it," answered Julia. "I didn't break the commandment, but I am afraid I cracked it."

Dear, thoughtful girl! She only thought to do wrong for a moment, and it caused her bitter tears. To her it was not a little matter to crack a command of God, and hence her grief.

To many persons it is a little thing to sin in thought. It is only the act itself that makes them feel badly. They can steal in plan and purpose, and feel no remorse unless they actually take what does not belong to them.

Julia was right in being sorry for her sin. She yielded in part to the tempter, and therefore was in peril. One more step and she would have become a thief. The thought of it made her cry.

Children who resolve that they will not damage the Ten Commandments in any way are safe. No others are entirely safe. Starting to do wrong ends in wrong-doing in most cases. There is safety only in saying, "I will never start."

LX.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS.

THE horse, ox, cow, sheep, dog, and cat are our best friends. If we treat them kindly, they love us, and do not fear us. We call them *domestic* animals, because they are so kind and useful, and belong to the family.

Daniel Webster loved all the animals kept on his farm in Marshfield, Mass., and he had a name for each one. Going into the barnyard or field, and calling, each one would

answer to his name, and come to be petted. A few days before this great man died, he asked to see his animals. He was raised up in bed, and the animals were driven by the window, when he saluted each one tenderly



PART OF THE FAMILY.

by calling his name. He always spoke as kindly to the dumb creatures on his farm as he did to a man or woman.

John Ruskin, the great English writer, organized the "Society of Friends of Living

Creatures," to prevent cruelty to animals. The members promised not to tease, hurt, or kill dumb animals, but to make friends of them. One day, in company with several people, he came across a wounded buzzard, of whose beak and talons people stood in great fear. But Ruskin took it up in his arms, caressed it, and carried it to a place of safety. The bird seemed to know that it was in the hands of a friend. Ruskin said, "It is better to love birds than to shoot them."

The first "Society to Prevent Cruelty to Animals" in this country was formed by Henry Bergh; and it has done so much good that a monument, costing twenty thousand dollars, has just been erected to his memory at Milwaukee, Wis.

A planter in Louisiana stood at his door when a gentleman rode up horseback. "You are on my horse," said the man in the doorway. "Why, I bought this horse two years ago," answered the stranger. "Yes, my horse was stolen just about two years ago, and that is the horse. To prove it, dismount and

remove the saddle and bridle, and if that horse doesn't go to the fence, take the bars down, walk to the well, and if he doesn't find water in the bucket, let it down the well, and then walk off to his old stable, I will give up that the horse is mine."

"Well," replied the stranger, "if the horse will do all that, you can have him."

At once, on being relieved of saddle and bridle, the horse went to the fence, let down the bars, crossed over to the well, and, finding no water, let the bucket down, and then walked off to the stable.

The dear old beast had got home, and he knew it just as well as his master did. He was glad, too. "Home, sweet home! There is no place like home," for a horse.

There are thousands of "Bands of Mercy" in our land, and the children who belong to them are taught to be kind to dumb creatures. It is hoped that these "Bands" will banish cruelty to animals from our land and the world.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

LXI.

Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone — pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears — pass it on.

KINDNESS WINS ANIMALS.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER, who has written so much about birds, says, "It is easy to win the heart of almost any bird. Don't starve him, nor make him think you are master. Simply talk to him a good deal. Place his cage near you, on desk or work-table, and give him the choicest dainty you have with your own fingers. Convince him that you will not hurt him nor catch him, and he will soon eat from your hand, pull your hair, and pick your eyes."

It was difficult to say whether the great Bismarck loved his dog Sultan more than

Sultan loved him. It was said that either would die for the other. In 1877 Sultan was poisoned, and he lived in agony some time. Bismarck watched over him and nursed him as a mother would a child. His son tried to draw him away; but he only replied, "No; leave me alone," and he nursed the dog until it died.

A few years ago there lived in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., a maker and seller of sandwiches. He was a homely, awkward

sort of a man; but the pigeons did not mind that. They were looking for kindness, and they knew that this rough-looking man was kind,



for he had fed them again and again, and allowed them to alight on his head and shoulders. People stopped on the street to see the birds flock to the "sandwich-man," and jostle each other for a place on his head and shoulders. Beautiful sight!

An Englishman was coming down the river Nile in Egypt on a large boat loaded with grain, and the birds on the way would alight upon the deck, and eat the grain that was piled up there. They were very tame, and did not seem to fear anybody.

"Who owns this grain?" inquired the Englishman. "I own it," the Egyptian replied. "Why do you let the birds eat the grain?" the Englishman asked. "Who made the birds?" answered the Egyptian. "God, of course," said the Englishman. "Does God intend that birds shall eat grain?" was the Egyptian's next question. "He does," replied the Englishman. "Can the birds sow and raise the grain for themselves?" the Egyptian continued. "By no means," the Englishman promptly answered. "Then let

them eat the grain," added the Egyptian.
"God has provided enough for them and us."

The captain of the boat was right. His kindness drew the birds from field and forest to the boat.

Longfellow, the poet, thought he should like to hunt birds when he was about twelve years old. After several trials he shot a robin. The lifeless little creature lay bleeding before him, and the boy's heart was almost broken. He carried the game home to his mother, but it did not seem like *game* to him; it seemed like a corpse—the corpse of a murdered friend. He cried over it, and told his mother that he never could shoot another bird. He laid aside his gun, and never went hunting again.

LXII.

CAT-QUESTIONS.

LUCY LARCOM.

DOZING, and dozing, and dozing!

Pleasant enough,

Dreaming of sweet cream and mouse-meat,—

Delicate stuff!

Waked by a somerset, whirling
From cushion to floor;
Waked to a wild rush for safety
From window to door.

Waking to hands that first smooth us,
And then pull our tails;
Punished with slaps when we show them
The length of our nails!

These big mortal tyrants even grudge us
A place on the mat,
Do they think we enjoy for our music
Staccatoes of "scat?"

What in the world were we made for?
Man, do you know?
By you to be petted, tormented?
Are you friend or foe?

To be treated now just as you treat us, —
The question is pat, —
To take just our chances in living,
Would *you* be a cat?

LXIII.

THE ROBIN IN CHURCH.

It was the night before Christmas in an English church, and there was to be a festival. It was very cold outside, but the church was warm and lovely with flags and flowers. The boys and girls were to have a pleasant time in the evening, and the sexton was getting ready for it.

Outside a robin was trying to find shelter. He was cold and hungry, and sought in vain for a warm place. Before night the sexton left the church door open, and the robin flew in unseen, glad to find so nice a shelter. From this time the story, as told several years ago, ran thus:—

“The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers trimming the church with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night, that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The sexton put on fresh coal and went home. Birdie hopped about in

pitying love and tender care, guided the tiny wings hither.

“ ‘ The little bird praises Him in its joyous song. Shall not we, with far greater reason, praise Him gladly ? ’ ”

In our country, robins go South in winter, but in England they stay at home all winter.

LXIV.

A GOOD NAME.

“ A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches.” This means a good name that is won by good character. Some men have a good name who do not deserve it; but it is lost as soon as they are found out. But the good name of which we speak is never lost, because it comes of true worth.

We hope every child feels that a good name is worth more than money. To have the “loving favor” of all who know you, is to have their respect, esteem, and love. Gems and precious stones are of no value compared with this boon.

Every child can have this treasure. It must be won; and every child can win it, not in a week or year, but in due time. It is worth working and waiting for a great while.

Nathan Appleton was one of Boston's noblest merchants, many years ago. He was rich for that day, and used his money in doing good. He did a large business, and it grew from year to year. Another merchant said of him, "His character did it. His good name is worth more to him than a capital of a million dollars."

A good name is worth more than money in trade and letters, as well as in social life, as the life of Mr. Appleton proved. One business man said to another, "I would give ten thousand dollars for your good name, and make a hundred thousand by the bargain."

A clergyman said of Mary Lyon, "She has a homely face, but a beautiful soul." This was his way of speaking of her good name. Her kind of a soul always has it.

A good name is worth more even than learning and honor. Some men and women

of learning and fame have not the honesty, high aim, and sense of duty, that are essential to a good name. They are not esteemed and loved. People who have gold and silver, but earthenware principles, can never possess the good name we recommend.

When the Queen of England offered a prize to the boys of Wellington College, it was not to be given to the most talented or brilliant boy, but to the NOBLEST. Progress in knowledge alone could not win it; but progress in virtue. Character, pure and spotless, alone could get it.

A criminal once said, "If I had given half the time to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might be a man of wealth and character instead of the wretch I am. I have been twice in prison, and have had all sorts of trials in my life, but I tell you, my worst punishment is in being what I am."

It is every child's duty to have a good name. It is not your duty to be rich, and it may not be your duty to become learned. But it is

your duty to have virtue. Good character or guilt must be yours.

LXV.

THESE ARE THE MEN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

No dread of toil have we or ours;
We know our worth and weigh our powers;
The more we work the more we win;



NOT WILLING TO WORK.

Success to Trade!
Success to Spade!
And to the corn that's coming in!
And joy to him who o'er his task
Remembers toil is Nature's plan,
 Who, working, thinks,
 And never sinks
His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health,
And leisure when his work is done,
 To read his book
 By chimney nook,

Or stroll at setting of the sun,
Who toils as every man should toil
For fair reward erect and free;
 These are the men,—
 The best of men,—
These are the men we mean to be.

LXVI.

THE NOBLE DEED.

JENNIE PRICE was a bright, sincere Sabbath school scholar, a kind of pet in her class. She wanted to do right always.

Once she received a present of a pair of brown silk mitts from her aunt in New York. She was delighted with the 'gift, for she had been wishing for a pair, though she had not asked her father to buy them, as he was quite poor.

"They are just the color of your hands," remarked one of her playmates, when she saw them for the first time.

"Well, I can't help papa weed in the garden without browning my hands," Jennie replied. "Don't you ever help in the garden?"

"No, I hope not," answered the proud little girl, "I rather play."

Much more was said about work and play. But we must see what Jennie did with her mitts. Of course she wore them to church the

next Sunday, and, perhaps, was a little proud of them. But she soon forgot all about them.

A Sunday-school missionary spoke that day of his work in the far West. Jennie became so much interested in the poor children he told about that she said to herself, "I wish I was rich and they should have all the Sabbath schools they want."

But when the missionary told of a Sunday school in a log house that was burned up, with all the books sent to them from the East, and they had no place for a school and no money to buy books with, she could hardly contain herself.

A collection was taken up for these poor children that they might have a Sunday school. Before the basket reached her papa's pew, Jennie had made up her mind to give her new mitts, as she had no money.

She tossed them into the basket as if she were glad to part with them. She had read in her Bible that morning the account of the poor widow who gave two mites (Mark 12: 41-44), all she had in the world, and she

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thought it meant *mitts*, and so she would do the same, and cast in her two mitts.

Before the meeting closed, the pastor observed the mitts, and he asked, "Has any little girl lost her gloves?"

Jennie did not say a word, nor did any one else answer.

The pastor asked again, "Did any little girl drop her gloves into the basket by mistake?"

After a little, Jennie, seeing her pastor look right at her, as she thought, said, "It wasn't a mistake. I wanted to help and had no money, but I know how the poor woman in the Bible gave her two mitts, and so I gave mine."

Both pastor and people laughed outright, and Jennie buried her face in her mother's lap, and burst into tears, thinking that she had made some awful blunder. But her mother arose and said what comforted the dear, good child. "Dear friends, my darling child has given her richest treasure, a recent gift from her aunt, in her intense desire to help the poor children of whom we have heard this morning. May not the Saviour say of her, as He

did of the poor widow, 'She hath cast in more than ye all?'"

LXVII.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

THE children of the United States are favored more than the children of any other country. Why? Because it is a free land, with schools, churches, thrift, order, peace, and the best homes in the world. In no country do young people enjoy so much as they do here.

Children ought to realize this in order to make the best citizens possible. They sing that charming hymn, "America":

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!"

and every word of it is true. Such a country deserves the truest love.

The people of other countries set a high value upon this republic. They prove it by coming here in large numbers every year. They come from all nations. All classes come, old and young, learned and unlearned, high and low, good and bad. This shows that all nations think highly of the United States. Our children should not think less of it than the children of other countries do.

Our beautiful flag waves over thousands of schoolhouses in our land. Why? That pupils, from the oldest to the youngest, may not forget what a grand nation is theirs. As often as they behold the flag, with its stars and stripes — the handsomest and dearest flag in the world — they should feel glad that their homes are here. The more glad they are, the better they will be and the more they will do.



Many men have fought, bled, and died for this country, to make it what it is. They loved their country better than they did their own lives. We call them patriots. Many citizens now would die for this nation if it were necessary. It is very dear to them because it has so many blessings for themselves and families. No other country does so much for its people.

Children should visit Bunker Hill Monument, if possible, because it stands for a victory that made our country great. It took seventeen years to build that monument—from 1825 to 1842—and it is thirty feet square at its base and two hundred and twenty-one feet high. It cost over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It stands where patriots died. It tells the story of freedom. It says to every boy and girl, LOVE YOUR COUNTRY!

LXVIII.

OUR FLAG.

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

FLAG of our native land! All hail!

Let children lift their songs to thee;
Long hast thou waved o'er hill and dale;
A nation's joy! Flag of the free!

For thee our fathers fought and died;
To thee their children must be true;
Beneath thy silken folds we hide,—
Thy group of stars in field of blue!

Long wave our glorious banner high!
O'er home and school in triumph float!
Undimmed, oh, let its colors fly
Where free men meet to plan and vote.

Each star for Truth and Freedom shine
As jewel in a diadem!
And, with it, in devotion, twine
The star, the star of Bethlehem!

LXIX.

WHAT A BOY DID.

GEORGE STEPHENSON was a poor boy—poor as the poorest. His father worked in a coal mine, being fireman of the pumping engine that kept the mine dry. He was a steady and industrious man, and by hard labor managed to support his family after a manner, though he was not able to send his children to school.

George was a smart, driving little fellow, with almost as much steam in him as there was in his father's engine. He was a good boy, too; ready to lend a helping hand to the large family when he was the merest lad. Five brothers and sisters sat with him around the family board, and he was the oldest but one. Just food and clothing enough for each day was the most that his father could provide; no books, no schooling, no luxuries.

“Not a very bright prospect for Georgie,” the reader will say. And yet there was a *bright side* for that poor family. There was

real worth under Father Stephenson's old coat, of more value than wealth to the household. If his actual value had been in his clothes, as is the case with dandies, the family would have been poor indeed. But since "worth makes the man," the family was rich in everything but money.

When George was nine years old he went to live with a farmer. He was not old enough to chop, shovel, or build wall, but he could watch the cows while they grazed, and that was his business. He received *two pence* a day for his labor, less than some boys of his age pay for candy every day.

As he grew older, he was promoted to other farm-work, such as milking the cows, driving the horse, hoeing corn, and digging potatoes. He never thought that milking the cows or digging potatoes was small business; he would as soon have thought it was small business to be a baby or a boy, when he must be both before he could be a man.

George had a taste for wind-mills and water-wheels, and he began to make them before he

went to live with the farmer; nor did he cease to show his skill in that line after he went to the farm. He made little engines, too, as near like that which his father tended in the coal mine as he could. Indeed, he had quite a passion for miniature engines, and he grew ambitious to tend a real working-engine, like his father's. He meant to have one of his own by and by.

When George was fourteen years old, his father removed to another township, to work in a coal mine, and George was taken thither to act as assistant fireman.

By the time he was eighteen years of age he was well acquainted with every part of an engine. He could take one to pieces and put it together again as readily as the best engineer. And still he could not read or write; indeed, he did not know a single letter of the alphabet.

A night-school for the colliers' children was opened about this time, and George attended it. Every day his thirst for knowledge grew stronger and stronger. His leisure moments he employed in studying, and in two years he

could read, write, and cipher very well. The more he knew, the more he wanted to know. He was determined to make a *man* in the true sense of the word. Among his fellow-laborers he became "a jack at all trades." He mended their clocks and shoes, and cut out clothes for them, and did almost anything that he was asked to do, so that he was regarded as a "genius."

Thus he went on, step by step, until he made a locomotive engine, in 1814, which was run on the Killingworth railway. About the same time, also, he invented a safety lamp, to be used in the coal mines.

He knew that he could make a much better engine than the one he had already completed, and he did. He kept at work until, in 1829, he received a prize for an engine that could run twenty-nine miles per hour, its average rate being fourteen miles. He named it "The Rocket," because it shot over the ground at such speed.

Within forty years from the time he went to watch the farmer's cows, at two pence per

day, he became one of the most useful and renowned men of Europe, and the reader can see how it was done.

LXX.

HEALTH WILL HELP.

Good health in childhood helps make noble manhood and womanhood. Poor health always stands in the way of success in any pursuit. A feeble body hinders the mind. And yet few children stop to think about health, and plan for it.

A well-known physician once said to the author, "I have more sick children under my care for eating what they ought not to eat than for all other reasons. Children are constantly wanting to eat what they should never think of eating."

This doctor went on to say that children destroy health "by eating candy, unripe fruit, rich cake, and things of that sort, and they eat between meals, two or three times, perhaps, in a day, and just before going to bed.

I wonder there are as many well ones as there are."

Does the reader know this? Does he believe it? If he does, why persist in doing what will injure the health? Parents insist that so much candy and cake eaten is ruinous to health; and still the pennies go freely for these forbidden things. Is it not so?

Manly boys and womanly girls are not so careless of their health. They listen to advice. They heed what parents say. They do not tease them for money to spend for these things. On holidays they do not stuff themselves with all sorts of goodies, but use good sense, and deny their appetites for these viands.

The great Dr. Abernethy once said, "The two great killing powers are *STUFF* and *fret*." Children are maimed for life by the first. If they *fret*, it is, doubtless, because they *stuff*. Too much food, even if it be good food, is worse than too little. Dr. Jefferson said, "Nobody was ever sorry for eating too little."

Too much and hard play injures children more than work. We heard a physician talk to a school recently on this subject, and he told them that too long and wearisome play impaired health more than all their studies. Add "STUFF" to this, and no wonder that sickness among children keeps the doctors busy.

Dr. Franklin said that his remarkable health in old age was due to the fact that he lived on plain food in early life, and never was allowed sweetmeats of any kind. He was eighty-five years old when he said this, and was American minister to the court of France at the time.

LXXI.

THE GOOD YOU CAN DO.

It is everybody's duty to do good. Of course this includes children, the poorest of whom can do good to parents and playmates in many ways. Being good is one of the best ways to do good.

Within a few years our boys and girls will

be men and women and then the chance of their lifetime for doing good begins. They should think about it now. You will have no more right to be useless men and women than you will have to commit suicide. "As we have opportunity let us do good unto all men."

Perhaps some children think that they will not be rich, or learned, or leaders of society, and so they will not be able to do much good. But the authors of the greatest movements to help the needy ever known were neither rich nor honored people.

One of the most noted nurses in the late Civil War was a woman who had neither money nor health — Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomeroy. She was sick in bed, in Chelsea, Massachusetts, under the daily care of a physician, when she decided to offer her services as hospital nurse.

"Never think of it," exclaimed Dr. — when she announced her intention. "You would break down utterly before you got half way to Washington." Her family friends

treated the idea of such an invalid becoming a nurse as a wild scheme.

Nevertheless, before it really appeared safe for her to start for Washington, she repaired to that city, and became a nurse. Her health continued to improve with her increasing labors. Within a few months she was second in usefulness to no nurse in Washington. She was sent to President Lincoln's family when Willie was a corpse in one room, little "Tad" was thought to be dying in another, and Mrs. Lincoln was prostrated in still another.

At the close of the war Mrs. Pomeroy returned to Massachusetts, her native State, where she was placed at the head of a school for orphans, in which noble work she continued until her death.

Octavia Hill, of England, had neither wealth, learning, nor high position to aid her in the great work she did for the London poor. In her childhood and youth she was trained to ways of doing good, and very early in life she became interested in the suffering and

poor. But if she had waited to become rich or widely known, the movement to improve the homes and health of the London poor would



FOR THE POOR.

not have been undertaken. She possessed the *heart* for such a work and the tact to enlist the purses and influence of leading citizens in it.

It is the *heart* and not the *head* that leads to doing good. The little girl who kindly read an hour daily to a sick neighbor had a tender heart. The thoughtful boy who raised the money for a pair of shoes for a poor schoolmate, whose feet were wet in every storm, had noble qualities. In both cases the heart guided, and not the head. For this reason, every child can do good from this time until he dies in old age. No money, no honors, no extra schooling are necessary. The heart does it.

LXXII.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

ANONYMOUS.

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its little cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up."
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!

How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrops
Upon the grass should say,
“What can a little dewdrop do?
I’d better roll away.”

The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom, too!

It needs a loving spirit
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

LXXIII.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

THERE is a promise in the Book of Ecclesiastes xi. 1, that reads, “Cast thy bread upon

the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." What does it mean? An able American divine says he did not understand this



KINDNESS.

text when he was a little boy. His good mother had repeated it to him more than once, and one day when he stood on the bank of the river near his home, with a piece of bread

and butter in his hand, he "cast his bread upon the waters," but he never saw it again.

The text does not mean that. It does mean that kind, generous acts to help the needy will have their reward. "The liberal soul shall be made fat," it will be happy, good, and true — the best kind of fatness.

A great man in England told this story about himself, and it explains the text quoted. He was a schoolboy, twelve years old, at a boarding-school a long way from home. His money was nearly all spent, and he wanted to go home. He had just enough to pay his fare on the steamer from Bristol. So he walked to that port, went on board the steamer, and paid for his passage, thinking that his meals were included.

Near the end of the passage the steward came to him as he was lying seasick in his berth.

"Here's your bill," he said, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money, sir," the boy replied.

"Then I must keep your gripsack," added

the steward. "What is your name and address?"

The boy told him, when the steward removed his cap and held out his hand, saying, "I want to shake hands with you." The boy was surprised beyond measure, but he shook hands.

"Now I will explain," said the steward. "When I was as young as you are my father died and left my mother a poor widow. In her great need your father helped her. I remember how glad I was, and that I said then, 'I will return his favors if I ever have the chance and means. I did not think that the chance would come so soon but I am glad it has. I will pay your bill.'"

The boy thanked the steward over and over. It was a very strange thing to him, and he told his father about it as soon as he reached home. His father was somewhat surprised, too, and he said: —

"Ah, my son, see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember that if you ever meet any one who

needs help, and is worthy of it, you must pass it on to him."

Years rolled by, and the boy became a rich man. One day he stepped up to the ticket office in a railroad station, where he saw a lad crying.

"What is the matter, little stranger?" he asked kindly.

"If you please, sir, I have not money enough to pay my fare," the lad replied. "I have all I want but a few pence, and I tell the clerk that I will surely pay him if he will trust me."

The gentleman thought of his father's advice and believed that his chance had come. "Here is the money," he said to the manly boy. And they boarded the train together.

They sat side by side in the car and the gentleman told the story of his need in kindred circumstances, adding, "I pass it on to you, and if you ever meet with any one in need, pass it on to him."

"I will, sir, I will," replied the lad earnestly.

"I know you will, my dear boy, I am sure of it."

The gentleman closed his story thus, "I reached my home and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the car, as if to say, 'It is all right, sir; I will pass it on.'"

LXXIV.

PERHAPS.

A CLERGYMAN preached a sermon from the text, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then he read that touching hymn, beginning,

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast."

When he reached the fourth stanza and read the first two lines,

"Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer,"

he remarked, "there is no *perhaps* about it.

He *will* do it; that is what He declares in the text."

The clergyman was right, and the Bible was on his side. The hymn was wrong.

Never doubt what is sure. It is always safe to be honest; therefore it is unwise to doubt it. Never think or say, "*Perhaps* honesty is the best thing to be done." There is no *perhaps* about it. It *is* the best thing to do, as the Bible and our own experience declare.

"Perhaps it will turn out best to tell the truth."

What would be thought of a man who should speak thus! As if it were ever best to tell what is not true! As if falsehood were ever best!

And yet there are many people who actually doubt whether the virtues named in this reader will bring good. Children doubt it sometimes. The untidy girl does not really believe that it is best for her to keep her room in order; she would do it if she did. The careless boy does not really believe that it is best for him to have a place for everything.

The fact that he does not prove that he does not believe it. The *ifs* and *buts* and *perhapses* that people use so freely show that they have not the confidence in the virtues which they ought to possess.

Children should believe that the practice of all the virtues we ask them to cultivate will bring them good. Industry, perseverance, economy, honesty, purity, and the whole line of virtues, will lead to success as surely as they live. There is no room for any doubt about it. Industry and order will bring their reward just as certainly as honesty and purity.

No one would think of saying, "*Perhaps* sunrise will make it light to-morrow morning." We know that it will. But it is no more certain that the rising sun will make it light than it is that the virtues will lead to success.

We want our readers to feel sure. Discard the policy of doing wrong. Ask, Will it pay? You know that it won't pay to be idle, wasteful, and untruthful. Never try vice, thinking *perhaps* it will be best. That is folly. Vice

is just as sure to bring evil as virtue is to bring good. Nothing can be more certain. These two things are as certain as God Himself: first, the virtues lead to success; second, the vices lead to failure..

LXXV.

DON'T.

DON'T think it is manly and womanly to have your own way. Parents and teachers have seen more and know more; let them lead.

Don't believe that wealth is the greatest thing to possess. Character outweighs the gold of Cræsus. The poor rich man is he who has virtues instead of money; and the rich poor man is he who has money instead of virtues.

Don't flatter yourself that ease is happiness. There is more discontent among people who are not obliged to work than there is among the busiest toilers. Having nothing to do has shortened the lives of many men.

Don't want too many playmates. "A crowd is not company." One good companion is as good as a dozen for enjoyment, and better for improvement.

Don't believe you have a virtue that you do not practise. If you have honesty, you will be honest. If you have patience, you will be patient. If you have wisdom, you will be wise.

Don't think that all tempters have cloven feet and horns. Some of the worst tempters appear as angels of light. A wolf in sheep's clothing is still a wolf.

Don't forget that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." "Enter not into the path of the wicked;" it is harder to get back than it is to enter. It is more difficult to stop doing wrong than it is to begin.

Don't be deceived by parade and show. A peacock's tail is handsomer than his head, though not half as necessary. Worth and use are the proper tests of value.

Don't think you are doing right before you stop doing wrong. The first begins where the last leaves off.

Don't forget that the Golden Rule is just thirty-six inches long. A rule that makes thirty-five inches answer is not the Golden Rule, which is the only rule of life God ever gave to man.

Don't think it is hard to do right. When you have made up your mind to do it, it is easy. The struggle comes in deciding to do it.

Don't suppose for a moment that you can become great and good, any more than you can be educated by accident. It can be done only by planning, trying, and being wise.

Don't run the risk of thinking whether it is best to do right. He who hesitates to do right is on the point of doing wrong.

LXXVI.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HE saw her lift her eyes; he felt

The soft hand's light caressing,

And heard the tremble of her voice,

As if a fault confessing.

“I’m sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,” — the brown eyes lower fell,—
“Because, you see, I love you!”

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life’s hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,— because they love him.

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